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LOOKS



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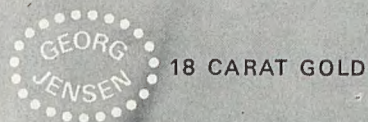
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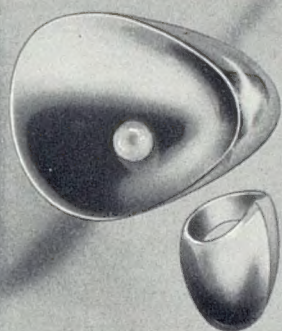
tatler

and bystander volume 257 number 3344

EDITOR JOHN OLIVER



18 CARAT GOLD



Elegance of design
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every piece in the
Georg Jensen gold collection

**GEORG
JENSEN**

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This is the great black and white year for fashion and Christian Dior showed the greatest of the black and white looks. The big, smoothly shaped feather turban on the cover tops a black crepe tunic dress. Turban by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Harrods. Unity Barnes' fashion section starts on page 590. Cover girl's make-up by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Photograph by Kublin

Publisher's Announcement. The Tatler was first published on 3 July, 1901, and was advertised as the "lightest, brightest and most interesting Society and Dramatic paper ever published." This is the last issue of the Tatler in its present form; from next week it will be incorporated into a new magazine—London Life.

London Life will continue the guide to entertainment long provided by the Tatler but with a much broader scope, listing everything that's on, from plays to art galleries, from concerts to clubs. In the first issue there is a pull-out, pin-up colour map for every motorist who ever took his car to theatreland and couldn't find a place to park it. London Life will continue to cover the fashion scene and the lively arts. London Life will be on sale next Thursday and onwards, price 2s. 6d.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Commonwealth Arts Festival, to 2 October. (Details, London, WHI 5943-6; Cardiff 31033; Glasgow, Bell 1011; Liverpool, Maritime 2321.)

Lachasse Dress Show, Somerhill, near Tonbridge, 2.30 & 7 p.m., 2 October, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. (Tickets, £2 2s., from Lady Denning, Delmonden Grange, Hawkhurst, Kent. Hawkhurst 2286.)

Army One-Day Horse Trials, Tweseldown, 2 October.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 4-9 October.

Royal Gala Night, Horse of the Year Show, Empire Pool, Wembley, 4 October, in aid of the Soldiers, Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association, and Variety Club Children's Charities. (Tickets, 5s. to £2, TRA 4131.)

Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 6-16 October.

Fashion Luncheon, Hyde Park Hotel, 14 October, in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. (Tickets, £3 3s. BEL 4025/6.)

Chatsworth Horse Trials, Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, 16 October.

Million Dollar Lunch, in aid of the United Nations Association, The Dorchester, 20 October. (Tickets, £55s. from the Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, 93 Albert Embankment, S.E.1.)

Newbury Race Ball, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 22 October in aid of local charities.

Puckeridge Hunt Ball, Fannams Hall, near Ware, 22 October.

Bobsleigh Ball, Savoy, 25 October. (Tickets, £3 10s. GRO 3278.)

Trafalgar Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 26 October, in aid of the British Sailors' Society.

Halloween Ball, The Dorchester, 1 November, in aid of the National Children Adoption Association. (Details, BEL 6436.)

Red Cross Ball, Grosvenor House, 2 November. (Tickets, £3 3s., BEL 7131.)

Cesarewitch, Newmarket, 2 November.

Flying Angel Fair, Kensington Town Hall, 3 November, in aid of Missions to Seamen. (Contributions to Hon. Sec. F.A.F. Committee, Radnor House, Norbury, S.W.16.)

Park Lane Fair, Piccadilly Hotel, 16 November, in aid of the Forces Help Society & Lord Roberts Workshops. (Details, BRU 6563.)

Winter Ball, Royal Garden Hotel, 16 November, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. (Tickets, £5 5s., KNI 8222.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newmarket, today & 30 September; Haydock Park, 1, 2; Windsor, Newmarket, Lei-

cester, 2; Nottingham, 4, 5; Lingfield Park, 6; York, 6, 7; Ascot Heath, 7-10 October.

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Wincanton, Uttoxeter, 30 September; Hereford, Sedgfield, Wetherby, 2; Wye, 4; Worcester, 6; Ascot Heath, 7-10 October.

GOLF

British Ladies Open Championship, St. Andrews, 29 Sept-2 October.

Home Internationals, Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim, 29 September-1 October.

Ryder Cup, Gt. Britain v. U.S.A. Royal Birkdale, Southport, 7-9 October.

MUSICAL

Royal Festival Hall. Commonwealth Arts Festival concerts to 2 October. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. David Oistrakh (violin), and Mstislav Rostropovich ('cello), with Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m., 9 October. (KEN 8212.)

Sadler's Wells. *Fidelio*, tonight, 2, 6 October; *Così fan Tutte*, 30 September; *Orfeo*, 5, 8 October, 7.30 p.m. *Carmen*, 1, 7, 12 October, 7 p.m., (TER 1672/3.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks, Yonty Solomon (piano) & Allegri String Quartet, 6.30 p.m., 3 October. (PRI 7142.)

Fenton House, Hampstead Grove. Tess Miller (oboe), Jill Severs (harpsichord), Jennifer Ward Clarke ('cello), 8 p.m., 6 October. (PRI 7142.)

The Rotunda, Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds. Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Julian Bream (lute and guitar), poetry & music programme. 7 p.m., 9 October. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Josef Albers, "Homage to the Square," Gimpel Fils, S. Molton St., to 2 October.

William Dobell, paintings, Qantas Gallery, Piccadilly, to 16 October.

Collector's Graphics, Mercury Gallery, Cork St., to 15 October.

Ernest Greenwood, French & English landscapes, F. B. A. Galleries, to 2 October.

Beckmann Exhibition, Tate Gallery, 2 October-7 November.

EXHIBITIONS

Caravan Exhibition, Earls Court, to 2 October.

London Salon of Photography, R. W. S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 9 October.

FESTIVALS

Ashby-de-la-Zouch Arts Festival, to 6 October.

Cheltenham Literary Festival, 4-8 October.

Little Missenden Festival, 6-10 October.

Swansea Festival of Music, 6-16 October.

Stroud Festival, 17-24 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

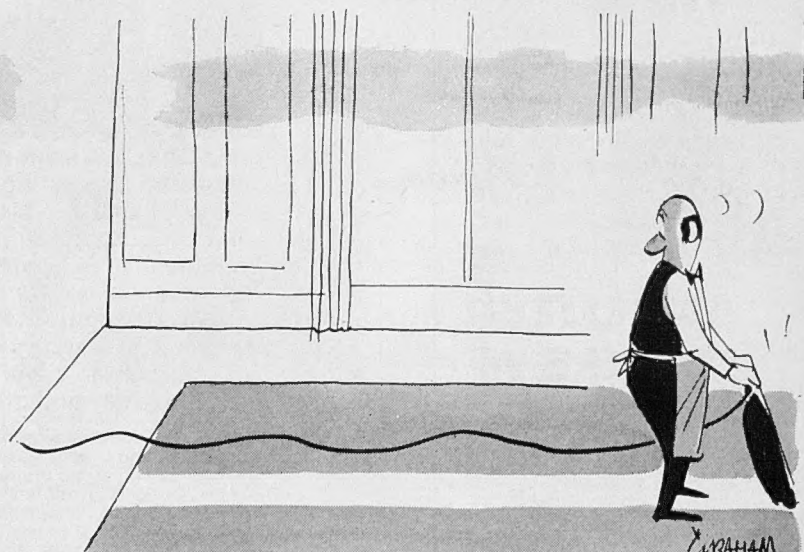
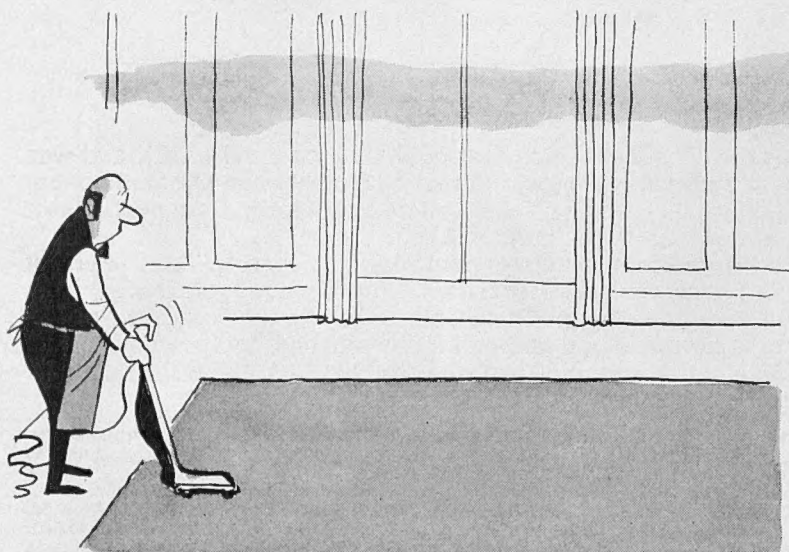
Globe. *At The Drop of Another Hat*, tonight.

Mermaid. *Fanny's First Play*, tonight.

Piccadilly. *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You In the Closet & I'm Feelin' So Sad*, 6 October.

Aldwych. *Strike!* 7 October.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . Wise to book a table

The Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. C.S. (MUS 7189.) It is difficult for a restaurant to keep pace with changing times, while preserving the dignity of dining as it was between the wars. This one does, with notable success, and the clientèle are mostly those who found the '30s more attractive than the '60s. For them it preserves a high standard of cooking, basically French, and a cellar of remarkable quality. Your main dish will cost about 15s. This restaurant is in fact Charlotte Street as it was 30 years ago. W.B.

L'Opéra, 32 Great Queen Street, out of Kingsway (HOL 9020). C.S. French in decor, atmosphere, food, and wine, this is a restaurant to remember, as are its *Fruits de Mer en Coquille*. They are interested in serving after-theatre suppers. An unexpected and rather hurried visit to Hampstead took me to **Knightsbridge 8444** in Heath Street. Cheerful, nicely got up, charming staff, good food at reasonable prices, it is a fitting partner to the older and highly popular establishment of the same name opposite Harrods.

The Ganges, 40 Gerrard Street (GER 0284), is breaking new ground in the presentation of Indian and Pakistani dishes in the traditional style, including some new to this country.

A meal to remember

Date: 7 September, 1965. *Place:* 16-18 Tachbrook Street, Westminster. *Host:* Mr. P. B. Reynier to six friends. *Chef:* Mrs. Aileen MacCarthy. *Menu:* Quiche Lorraine; Roast grouse with bacon, runner beans and game chips; Fresh peaches in cream mousse. *Wines:* de Neuville Pétillant de Blanc; Beaune Clos des Mouches (1963) Mise Domaine Drouhin; Chassagne Montrachet (1957) Mise Joseph Drouhin; Chassagne Montrachet Premier Cru (1959) Mise Joseph Drouhin Tastevine; Clos Vougeot (1957) Mise Domaine Drouhin; Clos de Ste. Catherine Coteaux-du-Layon (1961) Mise Domaine Baumard; Cognac and Joseph Drouhin Marc du Bourgogne.

From such a noble array of fine wines it was difficult to choose those I liked best, but

I think they were the Chassagne Montrachet and the Clos Vougeot. The food made a perfect marriage with them. I shall remember the de Neuville Pétillant de Blanc as something out of the ordinary to give guests before the meal.

With Christmas in mind

Liqueur chocolates are an established favourite as a Christmas present, but hitherto we have allowed the Dutch and French to have the cream of the market. Now a British firm, Carsons of Bristol, who have been making chocolates since 1888, have come into the market in a big way with a new idea. They have got together with seven firms—Haig, Hennessy, Sandeman, Harveys, Lemon Hart Rum, Grand Marnier and Babycham—to produce a range of boxes of chocolates priced from 5s. 9d. to 21s. each containing full strength measures, enclosed in Carsons bitter-sweet chocolate, of liqueur quality whisky, brandy, port, sherry and rum, and Grand Marnier and Babycham. Each of the assortment boxes contains two or more—according to the size of the box—of each brand of liqueurs. Babycham is boxed on its own in an 8s. 6d. pack. It has been defizzed. Two other individual packs are raisins in rum and cherries in brandy at 5s. 9d. a box. What is the best way to eat a liqueur chocolate? Put it in whole, close mouth, and bite. Dress or tie then remain unsoiled.

A time to remember

Since I started writing this column six years ago I have visited something like 1,200 hotels and restaurants in London, up and down Britain, and abroad. About many of them I have written nothing, the laws of libel being as they are. But as I contemplate my Jersey herd and beef cattle going about their business, I shall recall, with affection and for various reasons, some of the restaurants I have enjoyed in that period. Niki's Chez Luba, Chez Cleo and Knightsbridge 8444 for cheerful carefree evenings full of music and laughter. The Braganza for Carol Walsh's welcoming smile, and some of the best value in

London. I shall also remember with pleasure Claridge's, the Banquette at the Berkeley, the Barrie Room, and the restaurant at Grosvenor House because of the inimitable touch a fine *maître d'hôtel* can give. Luigi, Luigi Pelosi, Max and Joseph are among the few that remain.

Chez Gaston will remain in mind because of the friendly welcome and high quality Italian cooking, La Belle Meunière for its friendliness and specialized dishes, Chez Solange for some of the best French *bourgeois* cooking in London, and, like La Récolte, for its genuine French atmosphere. The restaurant at the White House will be remembered not only for the quality of its cooking but also its remarkable wine list, the Connaught Grill for many near-to-perfect meals with old friends in the atmosphere that produces contentment.

Overton's restaurant at Victoria must remain in mind for the excellence of its oysters, smoked salmon, and Sole Colbert. Daguise, run by the former partners in a famous music hall turn of the inter-war years, gave me the best Polish cooking I found, the Akropolis Greek dishes of high quality, Le Jardin des Gourmets memorable terrine. The lobsters at Scotts and the crab salad at Wheelers in Old Compton Street, the saddle of mutton at Simpson's, the fried skate at Manzis, the boiled turbot at Sheekeys, Le Chapon Fin à la Fine Champagne at the Diplomat will make visits to London worthwhile. And when I want a really special fish dish Prunier's will be my Mecca. For dancing Mitchell's of St. James's will be remembered, the Savoy Grill because there is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world.

Most of all I shall remember the good friends I have made in the restaurant world. Simone Prunier, the two Luigis at Claridge's and the Berkeley, Niki of Chez Luba, Maria of Chez Gaston, Berthe Myer of Chez Cleo, René and Thérèse Rochan, Bernard and Mrs. Walsh and Carol; Georgette Coll of the Montana, Charles Bradshaw of the Diplomat and many others. Coming up to see them will make time spent away from the land worthwhile.

ALEXANDER MAXIMILLIAN DINES OUT!



Photograph by Carapetian who eats at Minotaur and Genevieve Model Virginia who could be persuaded to dine at L'Opéra Model Sonia who might accept an invitation to the Minotaur Alexander Maximilian who eats everywhere but prefers Genevieve, L'Opéra and Minotaur Car by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu who dines at Genevieve Dresses by Gerald McCann who eats at Genevieve and L'Opéra Male Wardrobe by Moss Bros near L'Opéra Advertisement designed by Royston Cooper Graphics who lunch at L'Opéra and Minotaur

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Doone Beal / The great aphrodisiac

GOING PLACES

In rather a different context, his physician remarked to Louis XV: "Ah, Sire, but change is the greatest aphrodisiac of all..." Change is also the great catalyst to the pleasure of travel. It could be the first sight of loaded mules and donkeys on an Aegean quayside; the taste of wine, when you have been in beer-and-spirit country; or the voluptuous feel of a first class hotel bedroom, after guest-and-rest-house living. I dare say that Istanbul could seem like Western civilization after a stint in Baghdad; everything is relative—but oh, the joy of Vienna after a stint in Istanbul!

The natural progressions of the great treks—motoring from London to Damascus via Turkey's southern coast, for example, or across Iran to Afghanistan—are the stuff of real travel if you have the time to spend; they are the privilege of very few. But why not take advantage of the prevailing wind? Time has been telescoped by jet travel, and never has it been easier to take in two countries for the price of one, or three in the time it might once have taken to enjoy two. The airlines have been quick to exploit this, and BOAC, Air France and Swissair all offer independent, inclusive tours, from round-the-world shindigs to more specialized deals (BOAC on North America is particularly good), at an overall cost including hotels and ground transport. Few people realize, though, that any travel agent can arrange a custom-built tour, providing air transport is booked in conjunction with hotel accommodation, at considerable saving to the traveller compared with booking the two items separately. Pan Am's daily round-the-world flight which, on its west-bound leg, stops in Delhi, Teheran, Beirut, Istanbul, Belgrade or Vienna, and Frankfurt on its way to London, is an easy and tempting one to exploit; but it is not even necessary to stick with one airline: all the major ones subscribe to the IATA convention, and tickets are interchangeable throughout.

As in choosing from a menu, it is important to pick, in the right order, the places that

sharpen and offset one another. For example, the Middle Eastern cities of Cairo, Amman, Jerusalem and Beirut can be divided between a 23-day excursion at an overall fare of £99 15s., regardless of the ports of entry and departure, and if you buy a yearly return ticket there is no time limit within 12 months.

Cairo, to me, is the essential starter. Though the row of smiling faces which greet you at the airport want to know exactly what currency, jewellery and personal effects you are carrying (a formality that their potential tourist traffic could well do without), there is a degree of considerable luxury and pleasure to be had, once you get through it. The view over the Nile from the top floor restaurants of the Hilton or Sheppard's, not to mention the pleasure of a river-front bedroom with private balcony, is invested with all the glamour that people who sigh with nostalgia over Cairo's greater and more gracious days have ever told you about.

One visits Jordan with a different purpose—Biblical history in their half of Jerusalem, historically the more rewarding; Jerash, among the best preserved but least tourist exploited of all Graeco-Roman cities; and—need I add—Petra. With the exception of the new Intercontinental hotels in Amman and Jerusalem, which are more luxe than indigenous to either city, you neither expect nor get streamlined service or particularly good food. But, especially outside the cities, there runs a vein of true and ungrasping Arab hospitality and kindness that counts for much.

This spirit is, alas, fast disappearing from Beirut, which in the context of a menu ranks as the *crêpe suzette* of the trip, proportionate prices included. Glutted with sight-seeing, you can re-read the *Guide Bleu* beside a swimming pool; spend your spare cash at profit in the gold market, and gamble the rest at the Casino. Or drive into the hills, discover the real Lebanon, and postpone all onward reservations. . . .

Both BEA and Olympic stop at Rome *en route* to and from Athens, as an alternative to

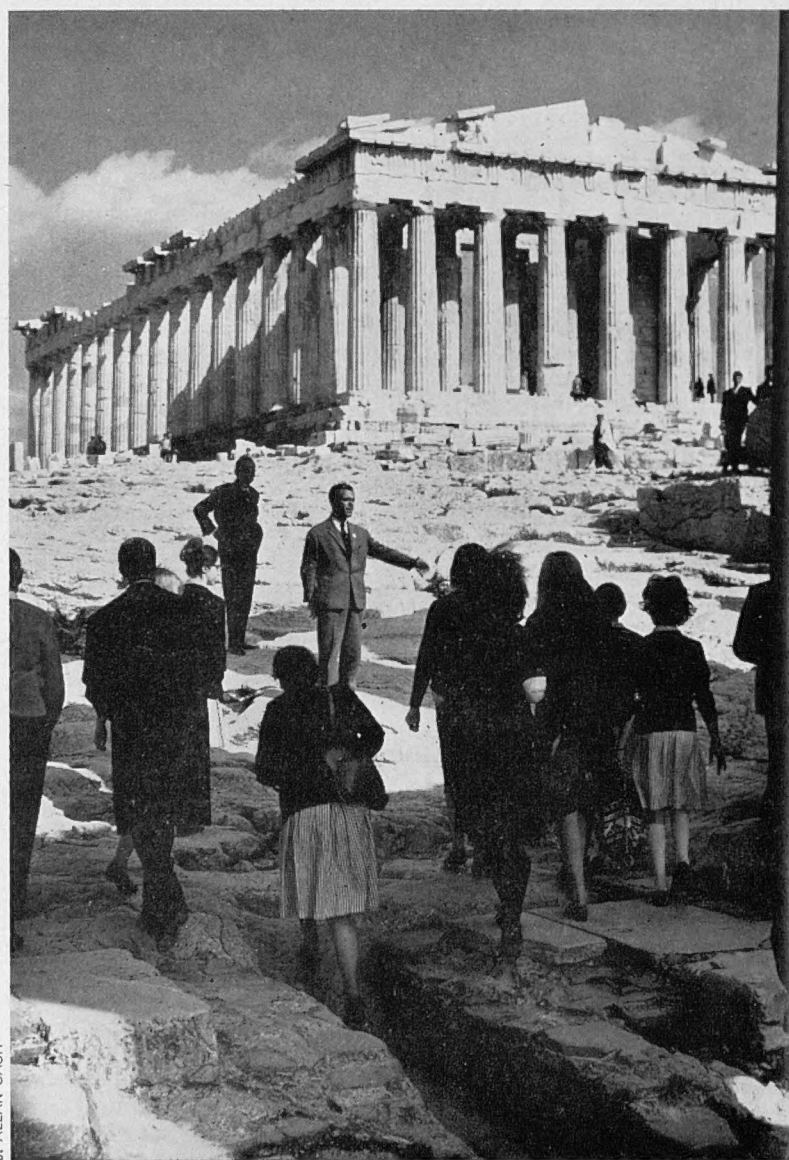


ABROAD

Mixing it, France goes very much better after a trip to North Africa, especially after Tunisia or Morocco, whose residue of French influence is a highly attractive one. Anyway, the same wine goes with both dishes, and the fact that some Air France flights from Casablanca and Tunis actually stop in Nice as well as Paris is too tempting to pass up.

The argument for relaxing deep in Bahamian or Caribbean waters before or after a frenetic trip to New York, is equal and opposite. It depends on what you are going to New York for. But the point to bear in mind is that BOAC have frequent flights, many of them now by VC 10, to Nassau, Antigua, Barbados and Kingston; and it is possible to route via New York to or from any of these places at no extra cost.

I feel differently about going from Italy to France, because the two countries are neither comparable nor complementary, hence the strongly partisan feelings they arouse in most people's preferences and loyalties. Italian food is a let-down after French finesse; and equally French attitudes and manners strike chill after the *dolce far niente* and the smiles of the southern country.



J. ALLAN CASH

A guide lectures students on the Acropolis



MARC SHARRATT

A main thoroughfare in Beirut, "the crêpe suzette of the trip"



GERRY BRENES

The Nile Hilton, seen from the top of Cairo Tower

ITALIAN FASHION AT A LONDON PRICE

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

After six—nothing so devastating as Italian elegance! These three cocktail dresses are original models by famous Italian designers,

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Far left: 'Turin' by Toni Di Roma in black velvet and Chantilly lace. Sizes 12-18. 39½ gns.

Middle: Verona

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10-16. 39½ gns.

Nearest:

'Lido' by Curiel in black novelty silk weave.

10-16 25½ gns.

All in the Gainsborough Room at Debenham & Freebody Wigmore St. W1, Lan 4444





ROYAL TOUR—NEW STYLE

Memories of many Royal tours were stirred by one which the Queen undertook in her own capital shortly after the opening of the Commonwealth Arts Festival. Her Majesty flew down from Balmoral to visit the Royal Festival Hall. She first toured the Arts of the Commonwealth exhibition where she is seen meeting Nigerian artists, and then attended a concert by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. The warmth of the reception accorded her by participants in this happy family occasion was a timely reminder that the true spirit of Commonwealth owes much to Her Majesty's personality. Pictures of another Festival reception will be found on page 582

Milestone at the Bank

by Muriel Bowen

Socially I have neglected the Bank of England. It has never been one of my social ports of call. The idea of anybody being invited to lunch or dine behind that massive, forbidding, windowless façade never occurred to me. Then came the news a month or two back that the Governor, the EARL OF CROMER, had invited the Prime Minister, Mr. WILSON, to dine so that he could meet some 40 leading men of the City in a convivial milieu. The party became a social milestone in the history of the Bank, the first time any Prime Minister had been entertained in this way.

Last week I talked to Lord Cromer about his entertaining. It was his idea to dine Mr. Wilson, and he has invited him to another dinner party next month to meet more of the City's top men. Though it is four years since he became Governor, Lord Cromer is still a boyish, Kennedy-type figure among the bankers. Somehow one cannot see him allowing the City's mystique, magnificent though it is, to get in the way of mutual understanding between the people who take the country's biggest decisions.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Lord Cromer told me that his favourite way of entertaining is to invite one to three people to lunch in the directors' dining room a couple of days a week. Once a month or so there is a meal for about 40 in the Court Room. After the meal Lord Cromer likes to get people changing chairs so everybody meets as many guests as possible. This is amusingly referred to by his staff as, "The Governor's musical chairs."

To eat? "It is always a simple menu. Yesterday we had grapefruit, or was it melon? I can't remember. Then a meat course—we get a lot of mutton. Then a sweet of some sort." Actually the food is very good, and the co'd

beef the best in the City. When the Governor of the Bank of Russia came they were all scooping up good black caviar.

NAPKIN RITUAL

Lunch is served by Parlour Messengers who wear pink morning coats and red waistcoats. The Directors Dining Room is handsome, with huge mahogany doors that shut with the decisive click of an expensive jewel box. Each director when he comes in picks his napkin out of a mahogany box. It is easily identified as each ring has an enormous silver medallion with a number on it. These are Gatekeepers' badges no longer in use.

The Bank has a small but choice collection of silver, mostly of its foundation date, 1694. The most valuable things in the collection are a tea pot and coffee pot. In the 1850s the then Governor, walking along a corridor, kicked an old box and they fell out. I only saw one old box in the corridors and when I lifted the lid all that was inside was three empty tonic bottles.

THE FAVOURED WINE

The Bank has also got its own cellar. The Governor explained that nobody thought of keeping him up to date on the cellar, so he handed me over to Mr. Howard Neatby who has been with the Bank for 38 years and is now its secretary. "I would say that our cellar is sound rather than romantic," said Mr. Neatby, speaking in those slow measured tones that distinguish leading bankers, "A lot of clarets—mostly clarets in fact. There is little port. We find port consumption almost negligible."

Unlike politicians or social hostesses the Bank feels it is under no obligation to entertain anybody. It entertains who it likes. Somehow I feel one would have to be interesting and entertaining to be asked to stay for lunch. More bankers are entertained than any other profession. It is not so much for the obvious reasons, but more because the Governor finds them good company. Certainly people who talk about money are seldom boring. Did he find that?

"I must say we're very lucky," said Lord Cromer. "We very seldom suffer from bores."

IN GONDOLALAND

Nowadays the Season is worldwide and reaches a climax in Venice in September. The gondolas, the sunsets, and Harry's Bar, provide it with the sort of romance that does not pale with familiarity. The international set were in their palazzos along the Grand Canal, and entertaining splendidly. The palazzos may look a bit rosey from the water but they are palatial inside. Most of their owners have long since given up private gondolas, but there is still a liveried footman behind every other chair.

Mr. & Mrs. RICHARD CURTIS may be having only 12 to dinner, but there will be flickering nightlights all the way up the stone stairs leading from the courtyard of the Villa Barbaro. And after Verdi's memorable *Requiem* at the Doge's Palace, guests in full evening dress and mink coats loaded into gondolas and swept up the Grand Canal to Palazzo Dario for Mr. CHARLES BRIGGS' supper party. Mr. Briggs' friends cover as many nations as the U.N.

CITY OF SURPRISES

The British seemed more numerous than the Venetians. "If I walk half-a-mile at home it is an effort," LADY SNOW told me. "In Venice I walk six miles in a day. There are so many surprises I never want to turn back." She, her husband and their son were at the Gritti Palace. "One imagines one is going to lie in a gondola all day, but in fact we never stop walking," LADY ABERCONWAY said. "We have been coming regularly for 10 years and still love the sense of discovery when walking in Venice."

There is a unique grandeur about the Danieli Hotel, rather like arriving at one of our leading Naval establishments when admirals still had old-fashioned barges. The gondola sweeps up to a red-carpeted landing stage protected by sugar stick striped poles, and the staff in white coats help one ashore with the smartness of Naval ratings. The Danieli's open rooftop restaurant

Celebrating the Shah's Silver Jubilee

At a reception held by the Iranian Ambassador at his Prince's Gate residence, 600 guests from the diplomatic, political and business worlds attended to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Shahinshah's accession to the throne



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

The Countess of Dartmouth with the Iranian Ambassador, M. Ardeshir Zahedi



Miss Mercedes Tavacoli and Mme. Homa Ettehadih, sister of the Iranian Ambassador

is an exciting place in which to dine. One night I thought I overheard a conversation between Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN and LADY PAMELA BERRY but it turned out to be Mr. JEREMY THORPE, the Liberal M.P., entertaining his friends. There were sufficient M.P.s in Venice, Labour members mostly, to form a standing committee.

BRITISH COLONY

At the gorgeous Gritti Palace, where I had succulent hot shellfish for lunch, I watched an elderly American lady set off for her daily jaunt in a gondola with two liveried gondoliers. Staying there were LADY DIANA COOPER; LADY WALSTON; the HON. MICHAEL ASTOR; and Mr. & Mrs. HENRY TIARKS.

A great favourite with the British is the Hotel Europa & Britannia with its country house atmosphere. THE EARL & COUNTESS OF DUNDEE were there, also EARL & COUNTESS PEEL and their son, VISCOUNT CLANFIELD. After a late evening concert on St. Mark's Square I went across the lagoon to the Cipriani for dinner. This is an hotel built a few years ago by the Guinness family and Signor Guiseppe Cipriani—famous proprietor of Harry's Bar. THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER was there, also Mr. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND and virtually the whole of the Guinness family. Earlier Mr. HAROLD & LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN had stayed there.

On the Grand Canal it was good to see the Red Duster. It fluttered on the motor launch of Mr. WILLIE HICKSON, the British Consul. He and his wife are enormously popular with the Venetians and give charming small luncheon parties. His cannot be an easy post—Venice is a place where one is apt to run out of money!

SERENITY THROUGH TECHNOLOGY

The person who can get to the top of a couple of big jobs concurrently and yet give the impression of being unrushed is so rare nowadays that I asked the Tory Party chairman, Mr. EDWARD DU CANN, how he did it. He heaps

praise on his staff. "One of them even saved my life on the M.1 the other day when a tyre burst."

Otherwise his success could be summed up in three words—Motor Cars, Dictaphones, Telephones. He has got two cars, one in London and one in his huge Somerset constituency of 93 parishes. Each is equipped with a telephone. Then there are four dictaphones, all similar so they can be operated by any of his secretaries.

Mr. Du Cann manages to talk about these things without sounding tycoonish. Simply the "best available modern aids" to efficiency he calls them. Talking to him one realizes that timing, so important in political decisions, needs additional aids in a world that is always moving faster. Also, being available to take decisions speeds the administration of a vast place like Central Office, as it narrows the gap between policy and execution.

THE MASTER HURDLER

In a fortnight Mr. Du Cann—who apart from politics has built up a unit trust company to an enterprise of £35 millions—has another sort of hurdle. He will have to cope with the snowballing sociability of the Tory Party Conference at Brighton. After the serious burdens of the day there will be those cocktail parties and dances getting on each other's heels. Our affluent society has resulted in an enormous growth of parties at all three party conferences.

A girl who worked for him when he was a Young Conservative chairman predicts he will come through with flying colours. "At Y.C. parties he always danced with the wallflowers and looked to be enjoying it," she said.

OVERFLOW PARTY

When Persia's ambassador, Mr. ARDESHIR ZAHEDI, finally gets himself a new residence it won't be a day too soon. For two years now he has tried either to extend his Prince's Gate house, or find a larger place. Apart from official

demands he needs it to accommodate guests who come to his parties. At last week's reception to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the reign of the Shah, the guests filled the gold and white reception rooms, the marble staircase, and the additional space provided by a tented bar over the courtyard with its floor lighted from underneath. Even so, it was a bit of a squash at times.

With more than 100 diplomatic missions now in London, some ambassadors have difficulty in enticing the guests they wish to share their national celebrations. The Persian ambassador's dilemma is different. His problem is created by all the important guests he invites turning up—a tribute to his outstandingly good parties.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT

At 76 LORD ADRIAN, who has just retired as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has had the thrill of having a house built. We talked about it at the Master's Lodge, the house he and LADY ADRIAN have occupied for the past 14 years. The new house, designed by Patrick Hodgkinson, overlooks the Fellows Garden just three minutes away.

"It has the new kind of things, underfloor heating and that," he told me. It is an unconventional house with three self-contained suites for Lord & Lady Adrian, their guests and their staff, and one marvellous luxury idea of Lady Adrian's, a lift for breakfast trays from the kitchen to the bedroom. There is also a bicycle house, cleverly incorporated in the plan, though Mr. Hodgkinson didn't realize how important this was to them until late in the day.

Lord Adrian says he has been looking forward to retirement. "I'll do a little scientific work I fancy, and we're going to Australia for a month—my wife has never been there." Lady Adrian will continue with her work in mental health and penal reform, fields in which she is expert.

We walked through the Lodge's dining

CONTINUED ON PAGE 580



Lady Marley (Doone Beal), for many years travel correspondent of The Tatler, with Mr. Osbert Lancaster



Miss Safia Afkhami, another Iranian guest, and Mr. Michael Burton of the Foreign Office



Mr. A. K. Bakhtiar, the Countess of Verulam and Allison Viscountess Dunrossil

The coaches of Camberley

Among the most popular events in the rider's calendar is the Camberley Horse Show, organized as it is with military efficiency and attention to detail. Outstanding events this year included the coaching marathon, won by

Watney, Combe Reid, a parade of veteran cars, and the appearance of the Bisley and Sandhurst foxhounds in the ring. For the many child visitors a funfair, boating and pony rides had been arranged

The Hon. Mrs. John Gilbey and Mr. Hugh Gilbey on the firm's coach, third in the marathon



Mrs. Mogg, wife of Major-Gen. H. J. Mogg, Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst



Col. G. S. Powell, Officer Cadet John Powell, Mrs. Powell, Miss Rosemary Powell and Miss Rosemary Spooner



Mrs. Michael Swann, daughter-in-law of Sir Anthony Swann, Bt.



Susan Ward-Booth, Janet Gillespie, and Major & Mrs. Colin Gillespie



Lt. Col. John Miller and Brigadier F. S. Eiloart were two of the show judges

Stress and triumph at Hickstead

The smallest horse was ridden to win the biggest prize at the international meeting at Hickstead, Sussex, when Miss Marion Coakes, 18, carried off the Ladies World Show Jumping Championship on Stroller. It was the first time the

championship had been held in Britain. Other events at the meeting, sponsored by W. D. & H. O. Wills, included the Young Riders Championship of Great Britain, won by John Baillie on Dominick II

Miss Marion Coakes receiving the World Champion's blue sash, and a rosette for Stroller, from Mr. John Ward who represented the sponsors



Mlle. Monica Bachmann, Switzerland's woman show jumping champion, takes an obstacle on Sandro



Miss Kathy Kusner, of the U.S. Olympic team, who won the third day's rounds on Untouchable to become runner up. Last month she won the Irish individual championship



Miss Alison Westwood from Worcestershire on The Maverick. She has helped to win several Nations Cups abroad for Britain this year

Continued from page 577

room, where 16 sit down to dinner once a week or so, and into the lofty 60-ft. drawing room. "This is not the kind of room in which you can read the paper in comfort," explained Lord Adrian.

In fourteen years he has seen "enormous changes" at Cambridge. They include more local authority scholarships and less poverty. The undergraduates are tidier. "Not so many really scruffy ones now—and the number of beards has not gone up. People, though, are getting more uniform, and that's a pity." Traffic has increased so much that he no longer cycles to the railway station. "Quite a saving actually. The bus is cheaper than leaving my bicycle in the cloakroom." But it remains his main local method of transport.

DEBUT TO DAYBREAK

It was a charming and glamorous occasion when VISCOUNT & VISCONTRESS LEVERHULME celebrated the coming out of their youngest daughter, the HON. JANE LEVER, at Thornton Manor in Cheshire. Jane, who wore a pretty dress of vivid pink—she comes to London next week to study dressmaking—stood with her parents to receive about 600 guests. The ball spun along happily until daybreak, the lively pace being set by young contemporaries of Jane and her sister, VICTORIA, who looked marvellously svelte in a slinky black dress. She teaches tiny children in a Knightsbridge school.

Favourite sitting out spot was the conservatory, a spotlighted jungle of tall trees, exotic plants, and waterfalls, through which meandered a stone path. It was lit by Chinese lanterns. Dancing was in the Music Room, an enormous lofty, panelled salon made the more striking for the occasion by the addition of a rock garden, complete with running water, in an alcove.

APPETITES WERE SHARP

At 3.30 a.m. CAPT. & Mrs. MICHAEL MEREDITH (he was off a few days later to ride in a NATO race in Italy); Mr. JOHN HALL; Miss FIONA FORSHAW-WILSON; and Mr. & Mrs. KEITH RAE, were tucking into a bacon and eggs breakfast. COL. FRANK WILLIAMS, who commands the Cheshire Yeomanry, and has a time-and-motion sort of mind, was trying to figure out why *two* were necessary to operate the discothèque. Mr. GEOFFREY HOWE, Q.C., the local M.P. and Miss BAY KIRBY were having a very clear-headed discussion, for that hour, on the position of the Chinese frontier.

An hour later, at 4.25 a.m., Jane's sister, the HON. Mrs. PAKENHAM, reported to her parents: "The night club is full and none of them looks like going home!" This was a snug little spot fenced with bales of straw covered with horse rugs, the idea of Robinson, Lord Leverhulme's groom. It was a night to remember.

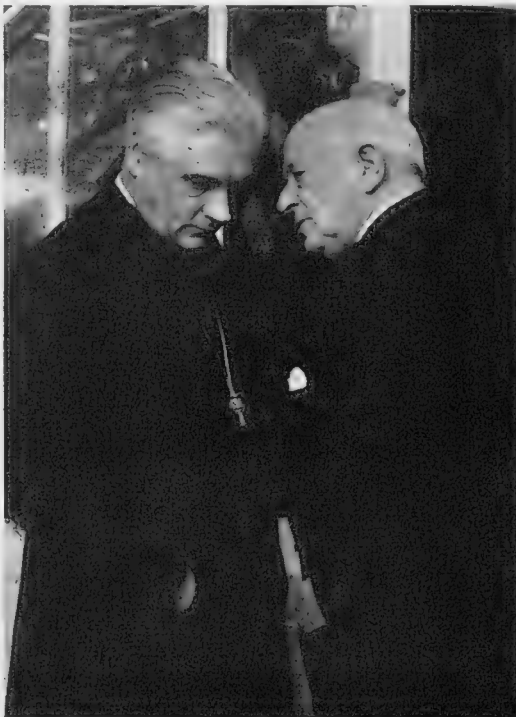
TAILPIECE

There were regrets along St. James's and in Pall Mall when the old Cavendish Hotel, made famous by Rosa Lewis, was bulldozed. Now, as its successor shoots into the sky halfway along Jermyn Street, comes news of a subtle reminder of Rosa. The telegraphic address of the new establishment will be, "Rosatel."



The Hon. Jane Lever, for whom the dance was given, with Mr. Algernon Heber-Percy, son of Lady Poole

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



The Bishop of Chester, the Rt. Rev. Gerald Ellison, with Mr. Geoffrey Deane



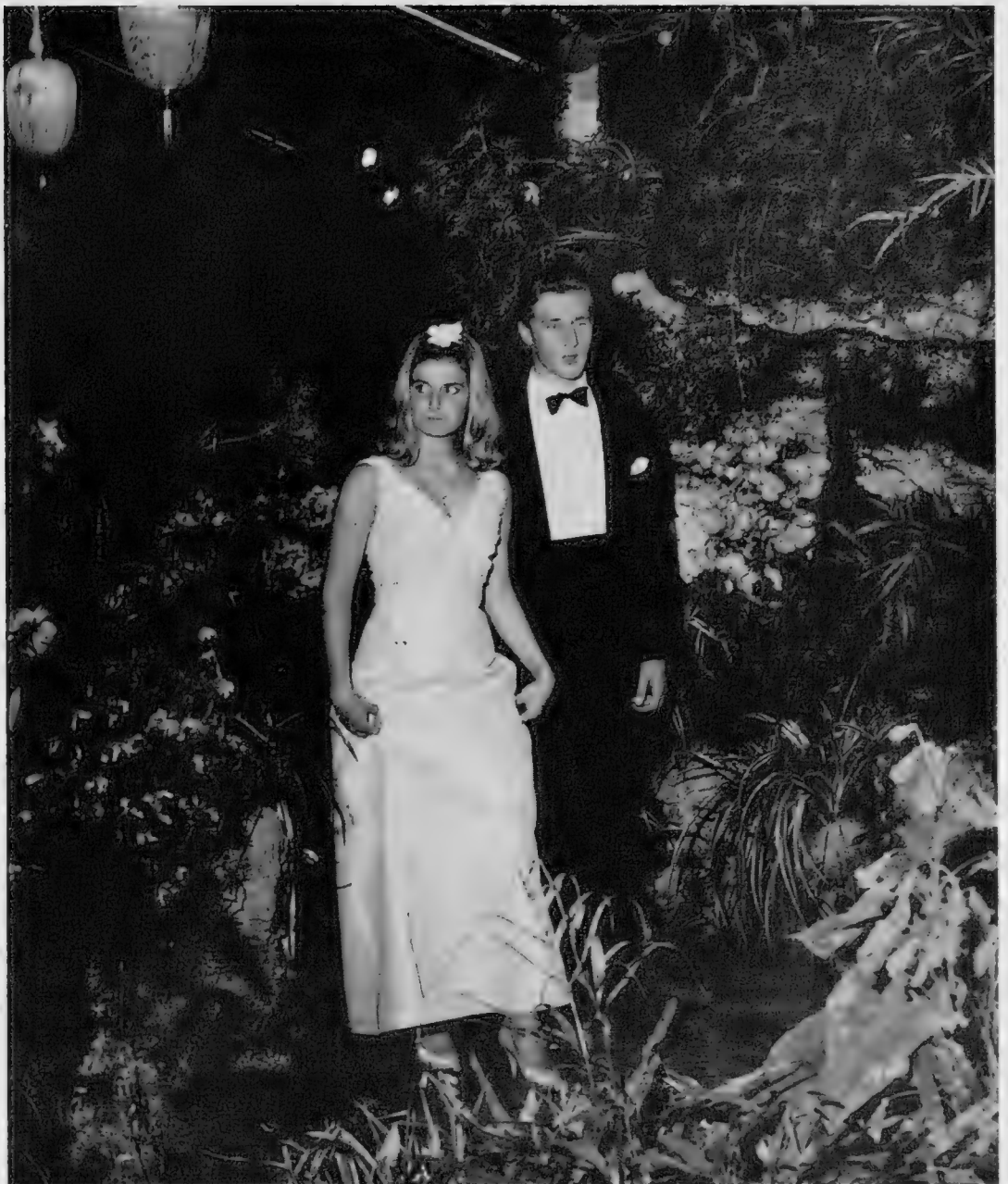
Miss Elizabeth Taylor and Mr. Robin Wetherly outside the conservatory

VISCOUNT LEVERHULME'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER COMES OUT

A rustic waterfall in the ballroom was a feature of the coming out dance given at Thornton Manor, Cheshire, for Viscount & Viscountess Leverhulme's youngest daughter, the Hon. Jane Lever. Many of the 600 guests danced until dawn, and had breakfast of bacon and eggs before going home. A night club also featured in the festivities. Muriel Bowen describes the dance on the opposite page



Viscount & Viscountess Leverhulme, who gave the dance, receiving their guests



Miss Georgina Russell—her father, Sir John Russell, is British ambassador to Ethiopia—with Mr. Hugh Wodehouse



Mme. Alain Camu, a French guest, with Mr. Patrick Forbes by one of the family portraits



Col. Nathan Bartlett, who flew in from New York, and Miss Juliet Craig-Harvey



Lady Brocklebank, wife of Cunard chairman Sir John Brocklebank, with Mr. J. Kentish Barnes

The Festival reception at Marlborough House

Arranged by the Commonwealth Relations Office, a reception at Marlborough House was one of three important events—the others were the opening ceremony

at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, by Prince Philip, and a Mansion House luncheon—that marked the first day of the Commonwealth Arts Festival

Mr. Anthony Greenwood, Secretary for Colonial Affairs, and Mrs. Greenwood, joint host and hostess. Mrs. Greenwood is a design artist, and for several years dressed the prize-winning windows of a Regent Street fashion shop



Lord Sherfield who, as Sir Roger Makins, was for some years British ambassador to the U.S., with Lady Sherfield



Mr. Arthur Bottomley, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, and Mrs. Bottomley were the other joint host and hostess



The Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Miller, who has the unique distinction of having formerly been Lord Provost of Edinburgh

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Royal Deeside's colourful season of games, shooting and dancing was brought to a brilliant conclusion on the Friday evening after the Aboyne Games and Braemar Gathering with the traditional Aboyne Ball in the Victory Hall, Aboyne. There was a record attendance of about 300 and everywhere the swirling kilt and the flowing tartan sash mingled under soft pink lights to make an unforgettable scene of Scottish gaiety at its most glamorous. Music for the dancing was played by Annie Shand's popular band, and a Pipe Major from the Highland Depot, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen, accompanied for the eightsome reels. Almost all of the dances were traditional Scots, with never a twist or a shake venturing near the dance floor.

Supper, which included hot Lossiemouth prawns, was served in a tartan-decorated marquee adjoining the hall and, for the unwearying, there was breakfast from 2 a.m. onwards. As a final treat, cups of delicious bouillon cheered the departing guests on their way into the chill morning air of Deeside.

Father-and-son team

Aboyne Balls seem to go from strength to strength. The chairman of the Ball Committee, Col. James M. Humphrey of Rhu-Na-Haven, Aboyne, puts in an enormous amount of work towards its success, but gives a great deal of the credit to his son Marcus, the honorary secretary-treasurer, and to the energetic and younger-than-usual committee. Colonel & Mrs. Humphrey this year brought a joint party with Colonel & Mrs. W. Bradford of Kincardine House, Kincardine O'Neil. Mrs. R. Harrison-Broadley brought Prince & Princess Andrew of Russia, and their daughter, Princess Olga. The president of the Ball, the Marquess of Huntly, included his son, the Earl of Aboyne, and his daughter, Lady Lemina Gordon, in his party; the Earl and Countess of Haddo brought a large party from Haddo House; Lady Bridget Sinclair came in a party with her young brother, the Earl of Caithness; Mrs. Quentin Forbes-Irvine of Drum took a party of young people; Mrs. A. Stainton who is staying with her mother, Madame de Mier, at Lickleyhead Castle, brought her cousin, the Earl of Lindsey & Abingdon, and the Countess; and Lt.-Colonel J. Davie brought a large party of officers and their ladies from the Highland Brigade Depot, Bridge of Don.

The Auld Alliance

After six years as French Consul-General in Scotland, M. Charles Renner is retiring. His post in Edinburgh was his only British appoint-

ment during his 38 years in the Consular service. "We shall miss Scotland very much, naturally," M. Renner told me, then added, "but we'll still be here as much as in France." The reason—their only daughter, Mrs. E. S. Packham, who is married to an Englishman, lives in Edinburgh.

Though the Renners came from the north-east of France, they are planning to retire to Angers on the Loire. M. Renner tells me they have fairly recently taken possession of two pleasant flats there—one for themselves, the other for their daughter.

Balmoral's new chief-of-staff

The Queen's new resident factor of the Balmoral Estates, Colonel William George McHardy, and his wife and family moved in recently to Baile-Na-Coille, their home at Balmoral. Colonel McHardy has succeeded the late Brigadier the Earl of Caithness as factor to the Queen. For Mrs. McHardy in particular the move is almost

a homecoming, for she knows Deeside very well. Her father, Mr. C. F. Cunningham-Jardine, moved up to Banchory after the war and is still living in the district. "I'm very thrilled to be back, and it's lovely to have a settled home," Mrs. McHardy told me. She is very keen on walking and the outdoor life generally, so Deeside should make the ideal settled home for her.

Since her marriage she has been living, as she put it, "all over the world." For the past year they have been at the Staff College, Camberley, where her husband was Colonel, General Staff. Before that they were in Singapore. It's a welcome move for Colonel McHardy, too, for family reasons, as his mother now lives in Aberdeen.

Colonel and Mrs. McHardy have three children—a son and two daughters. The elder daughter, aged almost 11, is at school in Switzerland, and the two younger children, aged eight and six, are at home.



The Hon. Elizabeth Hoyer Millar and Mr. William Wallace photographed on the banks of the Lambourn, at Mr. Wallace's country home, Bagnor Manor, near Newbury, on the announcement of their engagement. Miss Hoyer Millar is the elder daughter of Lord Inchyra, formerly Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lady Inchyra, and her fiancé is the son of the late Capt. Euan Wallace, M.P., and of Mrs. Herbert Agar

STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS



DIANA GRAVES discusses
a problem common to flat-dwellers
everywhere, and decides that she
is strictly **against** the birds

By birds, you may think I mean girls, dollies, chicks or whatever. I do not. I am writing with distaste about birds *pur et simple*. The fact is I live in a ground floor flat overlooking a courtyard, and last winter I made the unpardonable mistake of scattering a few crumbs outside my window for a small covey of ruffled-looking sparrows. I had no excuse, because the weather was clement; it was just an experiment combined with the sentimental indoctrination, stemming no doubt from wartime propaganda, that Cockney sparrers were just invincible little East Enders fighting against insuperable odds. The trouble is that I muddled birds with human beings and I've regretted it ever since.

For the first few days these delicate creatures with iron claws learnt to perch with what I thought was affection but proved to be rapacity on my outstretched hands. I was moved beyond words, started making cheeping sounds and identified myself with St. Francis of Assisi. Then it got round the ornithological grapevine that there was a sucker in Flat 6 and the pigeons moved in. Never having cared for these obese, egotistical birds I immediately withdrew my patronage. Too late. The nice but invalidish old lady who lives up above me, fired by my example, started dispensing largesse on her window-sill and within half-an-hour my disloyal band of feathered friends, who I had expected to love me for myself alone, were swooping up to visit their new benefactress. Not only that, they had the impudence to snatch her pieces of bread and fly down and picnic in my room leaving monstrous visiting cards all over my manuscripts. Wishing neither to betray any signs of jealousy, nor to lodge complaints against such a charitable individual, I held my tongue and, at some expense, had the manuscripts re-typed.

Eventually Providence intervened, and all the tenants in the block were circularized

with a memo forbidding us to feed the pigeons on account of causing the porters extra work. For a week there was a God-sent lack of turmoil and then, unaccountably, the windows were flung open and unidentifiable hands emerged flinging down half-loaves, Dundee cakes, bath buns, macaroons and rotting peaches. The pigeons, in a matter of minutes, were back, elbowing aside the sparrows, stumbling over a seedy-looking blackbird and eating so grossly that by springtime they became toofat and heavy even to make love to their smug, lolloping lady friends.

Now the courtyard is indistinguishable from Trafalgar Square or the Piazza San Marco in Venice. The birds, as in the Hitchcock film, have taken over. At 4.45 in the morning, a time at which one seldom feels one's best, there is a massed band of clapper boards which proves, on closer inspection, to be the pigeons doing their daily dozen. They seem, considering it is not even breakfast time, to be bereft of all their senses which is not surprising when one remembers that not only "pigeon-toed" but "bird-brained" are pejorative terms. All these idiotic creatures do for the remainder of the night is to hoot hysterically at various relations in Kensington Gardens, bully each other, puff out their chests and peck fruitlessly at the bare concrete until some exhausted person, worn out from sleeplessness, empties a packet of cereal over their heads and retires pettishly to make up several hours lost sleep.

You may suggest, with fiendish acumen, that I should stop staring out at the courtyard, at least during the daytime, and immure myself instead in some recess of the flat, resolutely eyeing the cracks on my wall. This is out of the question as I use my window-sill as a desk. For some reason which has at the moment escaped me, I am under the impression that if I stand up to

write the blood will course more freely round my body, thus providing my poor tired brain with instant oxygen. One or two good friends have suggested clubbing together and buying me a lectern which I could install in my bathroom away from the sight and sound of the birds. Apart from the fact that I am now hooked on studying the psychological rat-race of the pigeons it would be entirely impractical, as I would quietly frizzle to death against the hot towel-rails. There seems to be no solution.

As I write there are 14 pigeons, the dishevelled blackbird and five sparrows in a row gazing at me with lidless, basilisk eyes, daring me not to feed them. That they are swollen with gourmandise and should be at the Enton Hall of the bird world is neither here nor there. They are clearly trying to blackmail me, and what is so intolerable is that on account of the disposition of their faces they are not able to stare me out and are obliged to swivel their necks in order to perform their particular kind of one-eyed hypnotism. One of them, who obviously fancies himself as a clown, has even taken to standing on his head, fanning his tail and emitting glottal coos of self-satisfaction. What's more they don't pay the slightest attention if I flap my exercise book at them, and if I slap it thunderously against the wall they just waddle off for a moment, giving me derisory backward glances.

My fellow tenants, on the other hand, go to pieces. Most of them, it seems, suffer from cardiac ailments which become aggravated by any sudden and unexpected noise. Consequently I daren't even whisper "Boo" to a goose for fear of causing them some damage. There are moments when I survey this pullulating scene, backed as it is by a dingy brick wall, that I feel I am destined for ever to be the female equivalent of the Birdman of Alcatraz.



REVIVAL OF A RARITY

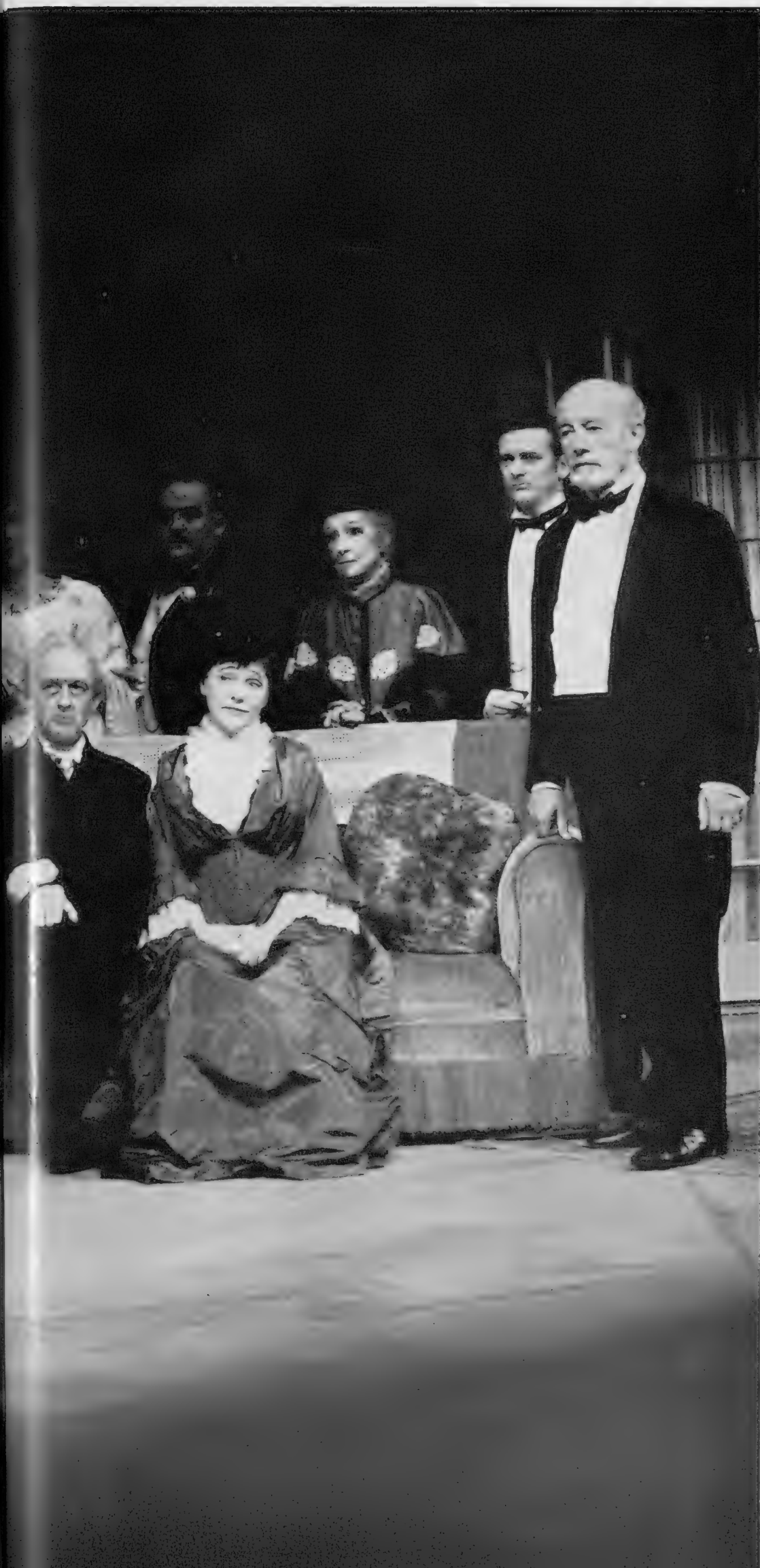
Words: J. Roger Baker

Of Chekov's five great plays *Ivanov* is perhaps the least familiar: Chekov himself was unsatisfied with it; it received a mixed reception when it opened and he worked a number of revisions on the last act. It contains passages of more than usual vivacity, including comic conversational cross-currents, and also moments of tenderness and sheer melodrama. For his present revival Sir John Gielgud worked from a literal translation prepared by Ariadne Nicolaëff: "The use of colloquial everyday conversation, slang, some old-fashioned jokes and occasional passages both of romantic lyricism and melodramatic violence, have not been easy to combine into one convincing whole," John Gielgud writes. He was able to borrow photographs of the original production from the Stanislavsky Museum in Moscow, and also drew on memories of the Stage Society's production directed by Theodore Komisarjevsky in the early 20s.

Ivanov is a misfit in Russian provincial society at the end of the last century when the play takes place; he finds communication difficult: "It is as if there is a pane of dirty glass between us." Chattering, gossiping neighbours all have their reasons to distrust or dislike him and he believes that the two women who love him, do so for the wrong reasons.

In the picture Gielgud as *Ivanov* turns his back on both his wife (Yvonne Mitchell) and on Sasha (Claire Bloom) who also loves him. Ranged farther back are (standing from left) Richard Pasco as the country doctor whose attempts to expose *Ivanov* culminate in an exposure of himself; Helen Christie as Marfa a young widow; Ronald Radd, *Ivanov*'s boorish estate manager; Nora Nicholson, a marriage broker; David Evans, a card-playing boor; and Roland Culver as Pashenka, a neighbour whose sympathy has limits. Seated are Edward Atienza, *Ivanov*'s uncle, and Angela Baddeley as Zyzyushka, Pashenka's miserly and ambitious wife.

Ivanov opens at the Phoenix Theatre for a limited season on 30 September.



ANTHONY CRICKMAY

WOMEN OF WINE

By Pamela Vandyke Price

A woman who takes an active part in the world of wine, whether as the owner of a vineyard or director of a shipping house, must inevitably be exceptional—just as any woman judge, engineer, nuclear physicist, financier or director of a huge industrial concern must be exceptional. She must have special abilities, not only in the actual mechanics of the job, but in anything concerning policy and direction, both because there are bound to be prejudices against her—and because no allowances will be made for her mistakes. It is therefore rather surprising to find that most of the women who have made their mark in wine haven't grown up in a wine dynasty, but have either married into one and had to take over when widowed, or have, by their own interest and efforts, built what was originally somewhat of a sideline into big business. Is it significant, that the only active mother-daughter participation in directing a vineyard and large-scale company that exists today does so in the New World—where, we are told, women do control the big money?

Champagne widows are numerous throughout the wine's history, but the original widow must always be Madame Clicquot Ponsardin. She even had to be married in a cellar, because in 1799 religious ceremonies were banned. Her husband died when she was still in her twenties and she never remarried, but her activities were on a vast scale, both in directing the firm and in expanding its trade in foreign markets, developing its technical resources—she is said to have gone round the cellars with a lantern every night, pondering policy and improvements—and influencing the whole champagne business and the economy of the region. Then there was Madame Pommery and in our own time Mesdames Roederer and Bollinger. Madame Roederer has also made big business out of breeding and showing champion trotting horses and has an important stud. Not the least remarkable thing about all these ladies is that they were not compelled to work as they did; all could have lived at least comfortably if they had sold up and retired, and all either were or are so very attractive in the most feminine way that the charge cannot be made of their wanting to succeed in business by way of compensation for failure to charm.

Champagne might be associated with women even by a misogynist. Claret and Burgundy certainly would not, yet the women who own and direct vineyards in these regions are handling the "big stuff," not merely the light wines of the kind that are suitable for supper parties. Madame Edmond Loubat died, well into her eighties, only a few years ago, and really had two full-time careers; first, as the wife of the keeper of the best hotel and restaurant in Libourne, where she became specially wine-minded, and second, after she was widowed in the 1914-18 war, in directing the family property at Latour-Pomerol. She ended by gaining



PHOTOGRAPH: A. HAYWORTH, WEEKEND TELEGRAPH

Madame Jacques Bollinger had no connection with the wine trade until she married the head of this great champagne house in 1923, but she so earned the respect (in a business sense) of her husband that, when he died in 1941, he expressed a wish that she should take on the chairmanship, a post she has held ever since. The years of occupation provided the most severe test possible for a woman in such a position and some friends think that her Scottish blood—her maiden name was Lauriston-Boubers—helped her. Anyway, the intelligence that sparkles quite as much as any of her wines had caused her to learn from the first days of her life in champagne, so that even today, with her nephews joining her in the firm, and when she has little need to urge on sales of a champagne that is always in demand because of its quality, she allows no detail of the business to escape her watchful eye

Dagmar de Pins Sullivan

is the secretary of the Beaulieu Vineyard, which was founded by her grandfather, Georges de Latour, and of which her mother, the Marquise de Pins, is president. Some of the finest wines of California's Napa Valley are produced at this estate, which combines the traditions of French wine-making of the founder, and the most up-to-date methods of the New World. A few of the wines are now available in Britain because of the impression they made on that doyen of independent wine merchants, Ronald Avery of Bristol. Mrs. Sullivan, whose husband also plays an active part in the company as well as running his own property business, has never thought it strange that she should be concerned with wine—"It slightly surprises me when people think it unusual"—and her creamy charm quietly complements her alertly competent approach to business. Very much a Frenchwoman—the family are still closely linked to their relations in France—she also possesses the polish and assurance that are enviably American. Indeed, she most delightfully epitomises the Beaulieu wines in human terms—appeal, charm, quality and subtle depths of character



PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

control of the entire property of Château Pétrus, then not too highly considered, and made it into one of the greatest clarets, being as fiercely protective of the quality of her wines as she was shrewd about marketing them. At Château Montrose, Madame Charmolue still reigns, and anyone privileged to see her putting her great wines of Saint Estèphe against those of her friendly rival from Pauillac, Monsieur Dupin of Château Grand Puy Lacoste, has witnessed a contest of giants. In Burgundy, the Countesses Ines and Liane de Mayol de Lupé came into the wine trade late in their lives and, never having been "career women," had an additional problem of adjustment for it is not only difficult for a woman to find men of responsibility and trust to work with her as well as for her, but, if she is a perfectionist, she will tend to over-strain herself with attention to detail. The Countesses think themselves fortunate to be a team, so that one can be away at a time—markets for a commodity such as wine have to be studied on the spot. Madame Renée Cosson owns the Clos des Lambrays and Clos des Sorbets vineyards in the Côte de Nuits and even while her husband was alive she was the one most actively concerned with running them and selling the wines—and, again, it is quality that is produced.

Most surprising of all, however, is to find a woman prominent in the history of port—women do not seem to have played an active part in the world of the other fortified wines. Dona Antonia de Ferreira married the head of this great port house—her cousin—early in the 19th century and, after he died, married his friend and manager, who also died at an early age. It seems remarkable that she should have wished to occupy herself with what was a really hard job, but she attended to all the details of the work, in addition to supervising the conditions of all her workpeople with particular care. Being a woman probably saved her life, for she was in the boat that capsized on the fast-running Douro when the famous Baron Forrester was drowned, and it is said that it was her crinoline that acted as a lifebelt and buoyed her up until she was swept to the shore. Great pressure was brought to bear on her to marry her daughter to a man of great importance and influence in Portugal, but the girl had set her heart elsewhere and, with unusual sympathy for those times, Donna Antonio discreetly took her into hiding—she probably even came to England—during the time when refusal to obey a directive from high places might have harmed the whole family and firm.

There are women wine merchants and women on the boards of shipping houses and multiple firms in Britain, but at the present time no woman who wields the sort of power and controls a section of the wine market like those in the wine producing regions. Are we, perhaps, the greatest misogynists of all? Because it's increasingly the woman who buys the bottle nowadays.



Inge Reh, whose family have been respected owners and shippers at Leiwen on the Moselle for generations, simply grew up into the wine world and was trained by her father side by side with her brother, so that today she takes her part in the business for granted and expects customers and associates to do likewise. "Wine is a difficult subject because it is always changing, but I don't see why a woman should be less good in dealing with it." As gay and

lighthearted as a Moselle on a sunny morning, she enjoys acting as interpreter for her father on many business trips and travels all over the world with her brother. Her recent marriage—outside the wine trade—hasn't presented any problems to her in relation to business so far, and anyone who has mastered the technicalities of German wines, as she has done, should indeed be able to deal with the most complex problems that arise in the course of domestic routine

CONTINENTAL ARRIVALS

Fashion
by Unity Barnes

Important arrivals this month have been the authentic clothes from the recent couture collections in Paris, Rome and Florence. Some of these newsy, influential clothes, including better-than-ever looks from Balenciaga and Chanel—those two ageless, incomparable geniuses of fashion—are photographed here by Richard Dormer.

Right: Yves Saint Laurent Boutique.

Coat in canvas-textured lichen green worsted, plumb straight, with a martingale belt slung from the side seams. Original model, and copies in other fabrics (at end of October) from Fortnum & Mason. Yves Saint Laurent's scarlet knitted wool helmet, crowned with white felt, from Simone Mirman. All gloves by Dents, in Pittard's suede.

Far right: Balenciaga.

Left: A cigar brown wool suit shows his short-jacket suit line, in-curved at the front with cutaway corners. Copies by Dorville at Harrods. Balenciaga white felt beret also at Harrods. *Right:* His long-jacket suit line in a creamy-beige heavy coating fabric that accentuates its sculptured shape; worn under it, a sleeveless blouse in chocolate crushed velvet tied with satin ribbon at the waist. Copies by Harry B. Popper, in the original and other fabrics, at Harrods, who also have the bronze velour Balenciaga beret. Red suede shoes, 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan.







CONTINENTAL ARRIVALS

Left: Chanel.

Lean little tweed coat in giant checks of grey and white, frosted with white mink. Under it, a milk-white bouclé wool jumper suit is belted, twice, with gilt chains. Copies in the original fabric at Wallis Shops, Knightsbridge and Marble Arch. Jet-buckled black shoes, Miss Rayne, 10½ gns. at Rayne, Old Bond Street.

Far left: Chanel.

Suit in sooty black chenille; the jacket has three high buttons, the skirt wraps across. Blouse in pintucked white satin with a floppy black satin bow; jacket cuffs, slit higher this season, are satin-frilled. Copies, in the original fabric, at Wallis Shops, Knightsbridge and Marble Arch. Jade-centred earrings circled with pearls, by Bijoux Christian Dior, 7½ gns. at Woollands. Gold-plated bracelet by Creations Grossé, 12 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove.





CONTINENTAL ARRIVALS

Left: Emilio Pucci.

Cotton velvet après-ski jacket in a characteristic print crackling with Florentine colour (turquoise, pink, acid green predominate), partnered this season by second-skin silk jersey tights, printed to match and ending in little trompe l'oeil boots. Both at Woollands.

Far left: Yves Saint Laurent Boutique.

His characteristic "porter's smock" jacket, here in sepia-brown corded velvet, swings wide and free over slim knee breeches banded with tightly gathered brown silk. Jacket and knee breeches (together or separately) at Fortnum & Mason in October. Black Bri-nylon tights, by Wolsey, 19s. 11d. at John Barker. Black patent high-fronted shoes by Luini of Italy, 8 gns. at Russell & Bromley.





CONTINENTAL ARRIVALS

Left: Balenciaga.

Cerise muslin-textured silk gauze is the fabric for a dramatic cape, circled with a deep flounce, and a chemise-topped dress that runs smoothly into a flounced hem. Original model and copies at Harrods. Crimson satin embroidered shoes (on both pages), 12 gns. at Charles Jourdan.

Centre left: Patrick de Barentzen.

From Rome comes a black crêpe dress with a bodice that blouses over a slim-hipped skirt, bias-cut to flare into satin-edged fullness at the hem. Copied here in the original fabric by Debenham & Freebody. Gilt and pearl drop earrings, by Bijoux Christian Dior, 7 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove. Fine gilt chains worn as bracelets, by Creations Grossé 5 gns. each at Fortnum & Mason.

Far left: Balenciaga.

White silk cloqué, luminous as pearls, makes a typically understated tunic dress, buttoned and half-belted, over a navy blue wool jersey skirt. The original model and copies in this and other fabrics at Harrods. Gold-plated bracelet by Creations Grossé, 15½ gns. at Dickins & Jones.





GAMEMANSHIP

Counterspy by Angela Ince

No matter how delicious it is to eat pheasant, hare or partridge, there is something gloomy to a sporting man's wife in the sound of a thud as a furred or feathered body is dropped proudly on the kitchen table. Cleaning and skinning a hare is possibly the nastiest culinary job, and you'd never guess how many feathers a small partridge has before you start to pull them out: which is why very few wives feel like sitting down to a roaring meal of jugged hare or roast partridge if theirs were the hands that jugged or drew. There are consolations attached to the start of the season, however, and one of them is that most fishmongers or butchers will clean and prepare game. Another is that game cooking equipment is attractive and sturdy and a pleasure to work with. The pheasant-head casserole in the picture costs £7 8s.; the daisy patterned plate behind it 13s. 9d., both from Woollands; the hare's head crustware pâté dish from Bouskell, Beauchamp Place, £4 8s. Carving board, £1, poultry knife, £1 8s. 6d., and steel, £1 16s., all from Woollands. Grey and white game plate, one of a set showing six different birds, 9s. 6d. each from Bouskell. *The Sporting Wife*, by Kathleen Thomas, gives recipes for all types of game and tells you when they're in season. Published by Countrywise books, 18s. 6d. from most bookshops. Large copper fish-kettle complete with drainer, £27 10s., Woollands. Game bird tea-towel, 5s. 11d.; heatproof covered soup dish, 19s. 6d.; cockfighting tablemats, 6 gns. for six, all from Bouskell. To cut the bird up with, light poultry shears, £1 11s., Woollands, heavier shears with grooved handle, £1 17s. 6d., Bouskell.

POMPOSITY AND CIRCUMSTANCE

The action of Zekial Marko's script (from his own novel) completes the cliché of the title *Once A Thief*. Eddie Pedak (Alain Delon) served a prison sentence as a young man and has difficulty in finding steady employment. Unjustly framed for a killing and robbery he did not commit, he is thrown out of work again and his wife Kristine (Ann-Margret) is forced to take a job at a garage to keep them and their daughter Kathy (Tammy Locke), whom the racketeers kidnap to compromise Eddie, into joining them in a million dollar platinum raid. The MGM film, directed in black and white Panavision by Ralph Nelson, follows *The Sandpiper* into the Empire around the beginning of October.

Right: Alain Delon

Below: Delon and Ann-Margret

Bottom: Tammy Locke, Delon, John Davis Chandler and Tony Musante

Far right: Tammy Locke, Ann-Margret and Delon



on plays

Pat Wallace / Theatre Royal, Memory Lane



There are those of us who cherish the theatre, here and elsewhere, and for the people who, like myself, think London the most vital theatrical centre of the world, there is the widest choice of all except that, at the moment, there doesn't seem to be a Japanese No play in production. Theatregoers, too, come in all sizes and moods, from the person who has to choose an evening's entertainment for his cousin from Barnstaple to the dedicated Brecht fancier of whom more anon. In any case, they may be one and the same person. The only general requirement, after all, is that one should enjoy the theatre and find in at least one of its aspects the pleasure and diversion, or just the talking point, that is needed. Sometimes—and why not?—this will come from a Whitehall farce inspired and illuminated by Mr. Brian Rix; sometimes from a brief season of Turgenev revivals. All is grist to the mill and, as the original Oscar Hammerstein once observed, there is no limit to the number of people who will stay away from a bad play. At the moment there is happily plenty of variety and long may such a situation continue. For instance, a short stroll and the appropriate ticket will bring within anyone's reach plays by John Osborne, Bernard Shaw, Harold Pinter, Wolf Mankowitz and two by Lionel Bart quite apart from the current Bertolt Brecht or a comedy by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley.

For the past year or two those of us who concentrated on London have had as much opportunity of seeing a Brecht play as a Shakespearean one and not only at the National Theatre. Incidentally, isn't that an odd name for a place to which it is so enormously difficult to get a ticket? People who *can* get entry are practically in the Ferrari set. The run on Brecht seems somehow comparable with the Hollywood pattern of old, by which a successful film about doctors or guide dogs was instantly followed by six others in the same tradition. Some of the German dramatist's works have been fascinating, some of them stimulating, some of them obscure, but I do think that the whole movement is now due for what nannies used to call a nice rest.

There aren't any circuses at

the moment, though there will certainly be some in preparation soon, but apart from seal and high wire fanciers there is material for scores of other tastes. There is *Maggie May*, Bart's rousing musical for those whose enthusiasm for the Liverpudlian doesn't stop at the Beatle invasion. It is loud and it is brash and it is also, in the vernacular, packing them in. Bart's *Oliver* which, I feel sure, Dickens himself would have relished, is now in its sixth year and the American import, *Camelot*, is a spectacular production in which the actual staging and costumes are at least as much fun as the "book." Pinero's *Dandy Dick* at the Mermaid, followed tonight by the Shaw comedy, *Fanny's First Play*, offer two very different kinds of laughter and Shaw is to be found again at the Strand with *Too True to be Good*. There's riches for you.

Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* started a wave of controversies (it is almost impossible not to take sides about Osborne) and continues to be both a *succès d'estime* and a box office sell-out. Spike Milligan in *Son of Oblomov* is as funny as one has a right to expect from one of the Great Goons and Ken Dodd is wowing them at the Palladium. *Present Laughter* continues to prove that Noël Coward is still a (if not the) master. The revival of Ben Travers' *Thark*, by now an almost classic farce, is as satisfying for the kiddies as for the people who saw it when waists were worn on the hips, and the revised edition of *Beyond the Fringe* takes care of the satirical brigade.

The Creeper is an adequate thriller whose title, if nothing else, faintly recalls an early Edgar Wallace. For the thousands who appreciate a good court scene or a play about the law there is *Alibi for a Judge* or *Hostile Witness*, the latter excellent, and *The Killing of Sister George* is as outrageous and amusing as anything around. *Portrait of a Queen* with delicious Dorothy Tutin as Queen Victoria through her ages is enchantment. *Robert and Elizabeth*, all about the loves of the Brownings, can boast two good singing voices which is more than many musicals can. *Henry Vis* at the Aldwych, alternating with Brecht's *Puntilla*.

And "There'll always be a *Mousetrap*."

on films

Elsbeth Grant / Fiddle-de-dee, darling

If you can identify yourself with the model girl Julie Christie plays so brilliantly in John Schlesinger's *Darling*..., then I'm sorry for you, dear. She's a despicable creature entirely—selfish, greedy, a liar and a cheat, with not a single moral fibre in her shapely body and not a thought for others in her pretty head. I don't think I've ever met a girl who was more dislikable.

Mr. Schlesinger and the screen-playwright, Mr. Frederic Raphael, have deluded themselves into thinking she's deserving of sympathy—she's a victim of modern society, they say, and she suffers deeply. Well, fiddle-de-dee say I. She subscribes to the cant that if you're not with the "In" people you might just as well be down among the dead men: how could anyone as shallow as that suffer in depth? In any case, as the film takes the form of her life story as told by herself for serialization in a woman's magazine, it's fairly obvious that, no matter what she's been through, she's still keen on keeping her image (a false one, of course) before the public eye.

The powers of self-deception revealed in her autobiography are staggering. To hear Miss Christie talk, you'd think she really had always been a perfect darling, but as everything you see on the screen proves the contrary you won't be fooled. She is married when she first meets Dirk Bogarde, a top television reporter, an older chap beside whom her young husband seems "hopelessly immature." Mr. Bogarde is married, too, and his affair with Miss Christie (as she demurely explains) is "mostly mental to begin with." (Mental? Lunatic, I'd call it.)

Eventually Mr. B. and Miss C. leave their respective spouses and set up house together. The darling girl is soon desperately bored—I mean the flat is simply stuffed with books (ugh!) and there's that typewriter clattering away the whole time—so nobody can blame her (*can they?*) for going to bed with Laurence Harvey, a high-powered business executive, every bit as bogus as herself. He could, you see, further her career by using her as "The Happiness Girl" advertising his firm's products. It's for this reason only that she goes to Paris with him for a few days.

Mr. Harvey introduces her to such sophisticated amusements as the capital offers—brothel larkings, transvestite parties, that sort of thing—and, my dear, Miss Christie feels so gloriously, utterly "In" that gratitude to Mr. Harvey prompts her to spend a couple more days with him in London. Mr. Bogarde is frightfully rude to her when he finds out: "Your idea of fidelity is to have only one man in bed at a time," he snarls and shows her the door. (Miss Christie admits she lied to him. "I just didn't want anybody to be hurt," she explains. Hmm.)

Saddened—though still game for a shoplifting spree at Fortnum & Mason—the darling takes off with a camp photographer (splendidly played by Roland Curram) to do a television job in Italy, where an immensely rich Italian prince (José Luis de Vilalunga) proposes to her. He is a widower with seven children and he realizes Miss Christie will have to give marriage to him the most earnest consideration. He is prepared to wait for as long as it takes.

It takes just long enough for Miss Christie to return to London and give her husband (of whom the prince knows nothing) the divorce he's been demanding. Back she comes to Italy and marries the prince in a most gratifying blaze of publicity—her every ambition, one gathers, has been fulfilled, but is she happy? No, poor thing: she's lonely—oh, so lonely. Mr. Schlesinger might have won a morsel of sympathy for her if he had made it clear that (as merely hinted at) the prince has a mistress—but I don't know: if the unfaithful cannot tolerate infidelity, that's just too bad and their look-out.

Mr. Schlesinger—and Mr. Raphael—have failed to make the character seem anything more than a phoney through and through and Miss Christie, rightly I think, plays her that way for all she's worth. She's excellent in the part. Mr. Bogarde gives a beautiful performance, too, as the intelligent man who stoops to folly. He's the person I could really weep for.

I like Mr. Schlesinger best when he is not trying to make out a case for the indefensible but is indulging in sharp little satirical asides at the expense of charity balls, floundering impromptu TV interviews, and

a suburban dinner party at which the hostess (divine Helen Lindsay) discusses her hair-do with the solemnity of a Labour M.P. talking about the Five Year Plan. Maybe documentary is really Mr. Schlesinger's forte.

For over 30 years a Jean Renoir film, *Boudou Sauve des Eaux*, has been withheld from us—goodness knows why. At a moment when sleazy immorality is hymned (see *Darling*...) it makes its appearance and strikes one as so refreshingly anarchic that perhaps, after all, it was right that we had to wait for it until we recognized what a shoddy lot we were turning into.

Boudou (Michel Simon), a moody, filthy tramp with hair like Harpo Marx, a beard like a carelessly thrown together hayrick, and a mind of his own, loses his dog and decides to drown himself in the Seine. He is rescued by an elderly, heroic bookseller (Charles Grandval),

who takes him home, kits him out respectably and hopes to rehabilitate him. It's a pity Boudou spits so much, overturns glasses at table and, through a perverse determination to sleep on the landing instead of in a bed, makes it impossible for Mr. Grandval to visit the maid (Severine Lerczynska) in her room—but his benefactor is patient until he finds a precious volume desecrated and his frigid wife (Marcelle Hainia) seduced by the turbulent guest.

Mr. Grandval, now convinced that one should only rescue people of one's own class, is relieved when Boudou wins a lottery (on a ticket he has given him) and marries the maid—but the bourgeoisie is not for the *clochard*: he slips away into the river again. Michel Simon, powerfully built and acrobatic, plays Boudou as an overgrown juvenile delinquent and gives no real offence—none in the world.



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

Richard Easton, Gerald Harper and Toby Robins are the constituents of the eternal triangle, this time amusingly resolved, in *Comfort Me With Apples* at the Globe Theatre

on books

Oliver Warner / Pictures of Italy

Late September—what a lovely time to launch into Italy, with two diverse but most accomplished items in the hand. The first of them is *Roman Chronicle* by Ercole Patti (Chatto & Windus, 2ls.) beautifully translated by D. M. Low. The core of this book is the author's record of his imprison-

ment—the result of personal enmity—at the time of Mussolini's fall in 1943, when he might easily have been shot by Italians or German occupying troops. There is no bitterness expressed; instead, a truly Italian lightness of touch, and a wonderful way of evoking a whole scene in a mere line or

two. Thus it all happened—so one feels, and one is scarcely aware of the dreariness and horror of prison life, so swiftly is everything conveyed.

I should not be quite on target if I were to call the second Italian record a picture book, though it is that above all else. John Phillips's **Italian Profiles** (Hamish Hamilton, 50s.) has Sophia Loren on the cover, and one of the sparkles inside is a set of character photographs it would be hard to better, the subjects chosen from all classes of society, and never a dud—only good and very good. But the true delight here is that the text matches from the word go, when Phillips describes Graziella, born, believe it or not, in 1864 and still selling *taralli* on the sidewalk when the day is warm enough. In a single page, Phillips gives a sketch of the Italy she has seen during her century plus. Few of the descriptions are less good, and I am sure that everyone will savour them.

"Snobbery is, to a great extent, the joy of looking down on others. And our world is so marvellously constructed that everyone—but everyone—finds someone to look down on." Thus the Duke of Bedford in his **Book of Snobs** (Peter Owen, 21s.), a collaboration with George Mikes, with drawings by Nicolas Bentley. The Duke has the snob world right, and I am even, alas, forced to agree with him when he says: "An Englishman of any class is as proud of his stupidity as a Frenchman of his education."

I have such regard for him as a novelist that I am glad to find P. H. Newby in **One of the Founders** (Faber, 21s.) tackling that current—and highly charged—subject, a new university, in his latest work, for it is something of a challenge.

And talking of challenges, there is a duel scene in this book, as remarkable as anything Newby has done. Though I shall need more time before I can place this novel, to my own satisfaction, within the author's canon, I can say at once that it is better worth reading than two thirds of today's fiction.

Sword of Honour by David Beatty (Secker & Warburg, 18s.) is a fairly straightforward tale by a man who specializes in the world of the airman. This time the scene is a training college for civilian pilots, and the recipient of the Sword of Honour—surely a strange award in such a place—turns out not to be so good as he seems. There is some excellent description of actual flying and its tensions.

As for **The Itinerant Lodger** by David Nobbs (Methuen, 18s.) this is a comic first novel by a writer who should be encouraged. A gift for comic—not farcical—writing is uncommon, and that is a pity; his hero is what might fairly be called a quick change artist. Moving from place to place and job to job, he seems to become a "new man", which is, in a way, what we all do when faced by total change of circumstances. I like Nobbs's freshness, and I hope his imp or demon drives him on.

Briefly . . . Helen Burke's **Kippers to Caviare** (Evans, 25s.) is described as "cooking for all occasions," and no reader of this journal is likely to have missed her past contributions on the subject. She knows . . . **Simple Sweet Making** by D. F. Dutton and E. M. Bode (Faber, 13s. 6d.) is more specialist, and many will be glad to learn about making jellies for sore throats. Appearance counts for a lot in sweets, and this side is not neglected.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Blues and finale

Over seven years have passed since I started writing about records in these pages. *My Fair Lady* was just opening, and stereophonic records were about to be launched in England. Jazz was enjoying a wave of popularity through the medium of the traditional bands, and the three B's, Barber, Bilk, and Ball were high in the charts. Even on the rare occasions when there were not enough good records to write about, a constant stream of visiting jazzmen from America provided grist for my mill. Probably the most remarkable thing that has ever happened during this span of time is that one or more elements or derivations of jazz have been predominant in popular music on both sides of the Atlantic ever since.

The current interest in blues is splendidly illustrated by **Blues Now** (Decca), an album featuring both American and British singers and groups. Otis Spann, the blues pianist who used to accompany Muddy Waters, is prominent with three tracks, and Champion Jack Dupree provides a good example of shouting blues in *I'm a Prisoner*. Most of the British tracks are strictly rhythm and blues, but they all show a considerable willingness to absorb and create the true spirit of this essentially negro jazz form.

I could reminisce about the many superb historical jazz works released by the record companies, but I prefer to mention three important EP's in the RCA Victor Race series, which provide rare examples of three relatively unknown blues artists, Ishman Bracey, LeRoy Carr, and Walter Davis. There is an uncompromising approach and purity of form in all this music that is rapidly disappearing from the blues today, which adds to the importance of the series.

With Count Basie and his band already launched on their current tour of Britain, it seems appropriate to include the exciting combination, **Count Basie plays Neal Hefti** (World Record Club). The session was recorded in 1958, and was formerly available on Columbia.

Hefti is certainly a gifted writer, who can mould his arrangements to the group and the soloists and this he does so perfectly that the album has long been recognized as one of the great show-cases for the Basie orchestra.

For some time Thelonious Monk has been in the habit of including in his concert and recorded performances a piano solo, but at last in **Solo Monk** (CBS) he treats us to a complete album of solos. Combining his rich and often unconventional harmonies with an almost breathless rhythmic suspense, he reveals much hidden beauty in his treatment of jazz standards and his own compositions. Monk's frequent use of the "stride" bass pattern invokes memories of the 1920's, and may cause some consternation among his younger devotees who are not familiar with the earlier work of pianists like Fats Waller and James P. Johnson.

Finally there is the delicate sound of two guitars in **Guitar/Guitar** (CBS), achieved by the unusual blend of Herb Ellis on electric guitar, while Charlie Byrd prefers the conventional acoustic instrument. Both are skilled in the art of playing the blues, but are equally at home in the Latin American vein, with Charlie Byrd taking the lead in both pieces that feature this music. This is peaceful soothing jazz, good to listen to, equally lulling for those who wish to dance.

This is the way I hope jazz will still be played for many years to come.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Taking a back seat

I have filled this space every week, without exception, for the past seven years. The writing of this column dictated not only how I arranged my weekly programme but also where and when I took my holidays. Through it, I long ago learned

to regard work and pleasure not merely as inseparable, but as identical. Whether I was planning a weekend away from home, or a month abroad, my first consideration was always—are there any galleries worth visiting there? Such single-



Two children at a school in the North East acting their own version of a scene from history. It will be screened in ABC Television's Ring a Bell series, which starts on Sunday, 3 October

Continued from page 603

mindfulness, my wife never failed to point out, was quite unnecessary, it was an obsession. And she was right, so right that, though this is my last column, my gallery-going habits will not change.

Of course I shall miss the actual writing, but it will be a pleasurable miss. There is nothing like the responsibility of producing a regular column to convince a would-be writer of the truth of the dictum that "the art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair."

With varying degrees of regret I shall miss several other things that have been regular features of my job. It will be sad not to hear again from the little lady (that's my imagination, she is probably a "big woman") who, whenever I praised a new artist's work, came hurrying up from Gloucestershire to buy one of his pictures, and then wrote me a letter of thanks. I found her faith in my judgment very touching. And frightening.

Within the next few weeks I am going to open my own art gallery, in Cambridge. And at about the same time my first book about art—or, more correctly, about the art trade (a very different thing)—is to be published. If this were not the last of this column, I might

have looked forward to writing enthusiastic reviews of my own exhibitions! I might even have reviewed my own book here when the time arrived. To write about it now, however, might offend the Book Butchers of Fleet Street. Even so, I am prepared to take the risk of whispering to you that it is called *The Art Game*.

I feel I owe it to all those who for years have been reading me to tell you that the book gives inside information on how to make a fortune out of art. (It also explains how you may lose a fortune on art, but you don't have to read that part.) I shall be pleased to hear from you when you have made your fortune, but don't trouble to let me know if you lose money. My publisher, a very canny fellow, says he is waiting to see me make my fortune before he risks a penny on my system. I am hoping I shall not keep him waiting long!

There is not much else for me to say. If I have helped anyone to find pleasure in looking at pictures and sculpture, to be able to discriminate between the good and the phoney (of which there is now an overwhelming preponderance), to feel that art is a part of everyday life and not the private preserve of the self-appointed art-élite, then all those thousands of hours of pressing my pants have been worthwhile.

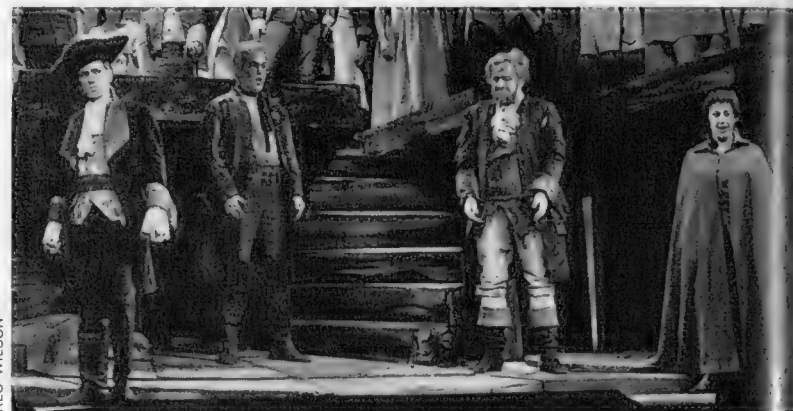
her disguise. Miss Fretwell sang well, catching the right note of rapture in her reunion duet with the interesting Florestan of Ronald Dowd. Heather Thomson contributed a more than usually positive Marcelina; this particularly attractive soprano should be noted.

If Colin Davis pressed the orchestra, not only in the finale but elsewhere too, it responded with spring. The score is riddled with devilish solos for brass and woodwind; they were well executed, but also securely placed in the orchestral pattern. Mr. Davis also has a tender approach to those moving, hymn-like melodies that Beethoven produces in moments of stress.

The designs of Leslie Hurry will probably cause some discussion. He has created a single set representing the

prison courtyard within which the smaller scenes of kitchen and cell are placed. As with most of Hurry's work, the conception is theatrical and impressive with a powerful disposition of mass and space. But watching the same shapes throughout the evening denies us the lift of a contrast from dark cell to brilliant light and freedom.

John Blatchley, who produced the work, has achieved some sinister effects with soldiers against the sky, and it was a pleasure to listen to the march that links the first two scenes undistracted by selected members of the male chorus changing guard which they usually do clumsily and inaccurately at this point. In all a rewarding evening: *Fidelio* is one of those operas that the opera-hater loves. They too will be pleased.



The final moments of *Fidelio* at Sadler's Wells. Stafford Dean (left), as Don Fernando, frees the prisoners' to the delight of Don Garrard (centre) as Rocco. Right: Ronald Dowd as Florestan and Elizabeth Fretwell as Leonora. Below: Bari Jonson as Samson and Willie Jonah as Salubi in Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka's *The Road*, the Commonwealth Arts Festival play at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., with an all-African cast. Soyinka, 31 years old, went to school in Ibadan and later took a degree in English Literature at Leeds University. He was for some time a play-reader with the Royal Court Theatre. His play at Stratford runs until 9 October

on opera

J. Roger Baker / Beethoven at the Wells

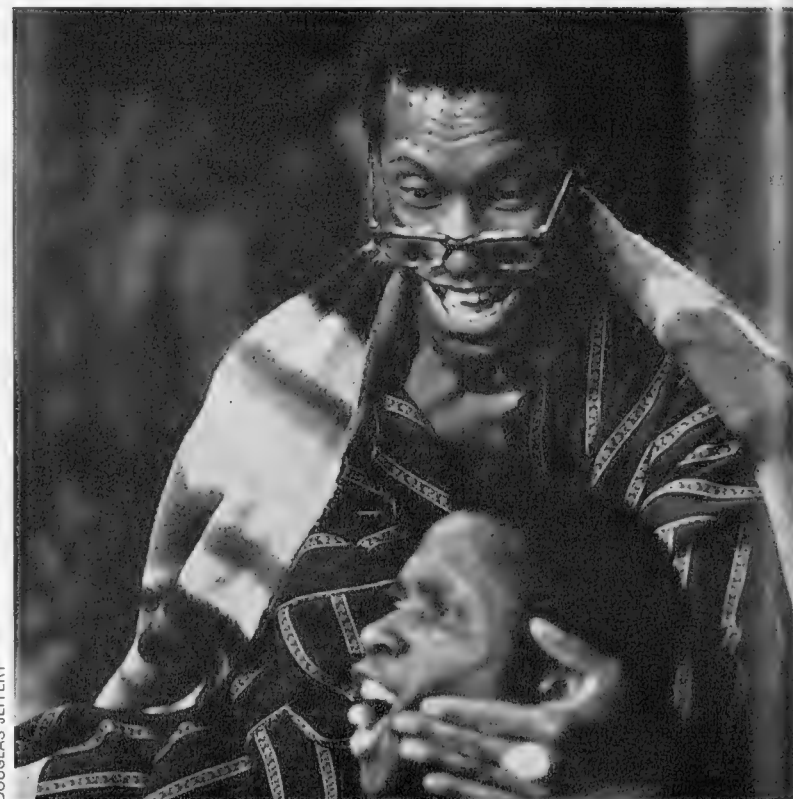
It was a splendid thought to open the season at Sadler's Wells with Beethoven's *Fidelio*. It has not been seen at this theatre for a number of years and it is one of those few operas that should be a deal more accessible than they usually are. And, let's face it, the Wells is more accessible than the Garden, from the points of view of price and language. For this alone it is the most welcome addition to the repertory.

However, there are drawbacks, a major one paradoxically being hearing it in English, which always seems to banalize the work. This is not the usual argument that a banality sounds sweeter in a partly-or-not-understood language, but a matter of ethos; the noble sentiments of another race and age sound slightly uncomfortable transposed into modern English. And *Fidelio* is an opera of noble sentiment, ending as it does with a great paean of praise to Leonora's devotion to her husband, rescuing him

from prison so selflessly. (The implication here is odd: the chorus seems mightily impressed by Leonora, as though any woman whose husband was put into prison automatically forgot him!)

That busy playwright, John Arden, provided new English dialogue for this production, no worse, but certainly no better, than any other version I've heard. But meanwhile Edward Dent's translation is used for the sung parts, full of apostrophe and asides of the "She will repent" variety. It must be clear by now that the diction of the singers is exemplary, and the singing itself is pretty fine, notably from the chorus who rose brilliantly to the demands of a particularly fast rhythm for the final pages.

Elizabeth Fretwell is a somewhat inflexible Leonora, but this inflexibility perhaps saves her from the trap into which many a prima donna falls—that of attempting manly, or boyish, mannerisms to justify





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BEAUTY SCRAPBOOK

Good Looks
by Evelyn Forbes

TONY EVANS/COLLAGES: DIANA CHURCH



The party season is with us again and exciting new perfumes, powders and paints are crowding the cosmetic counters. Here we give you a mixed bag of goodies, all tried, tested and wholeheartedly approved.

Instead of flowers

An alternative to a bunch of flowers and a good idea for a hostess is Taylor of London's three-sachet pack of flower-scented sachets in four fragrances: Lilac, Lavender, Lily of the Valley and Carnation, price 11s. 3d.

"J'Aime"—Vous l'aimerez aussi

Jacques Heim has re-entered the perfumery field with a perfume called *J'Aime* which you will be able to buy next month. This is a floral bouquet with a green note and, though light, is lasting. In the 1 oz. spray bottle illustrated which has a separate cap for travelling, *J'Aime* costs 120s.

Cabochoard en suite

Cabochoard by Gres is now teamed with its matching soap, bath oil and dusting powder. The soap costs 39s. 6d. for a box of three tablets, bath oil ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) 38s. 6d. and an 8 oz. drum of dusting powder is 36s. 9d.

An apple a day

From Michigan University, via American *Vogue*, comes the news that apples not only keep doctors away but reduce tension and that an apple or its juice is therefore an ideal nightcap. Squeezing your own apples is a laborious business but Shloer saves you the trouble, gives you pure apple juice

with nothing added or taken away. It costs 1s. 9d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle.

Calcium and vitamin drink

Another do-good drink is Cal Fresh, designed mainly for children but one which plenty of grown-ups find refreshing. A heaped teaspoonful of the powder makes a sparkling drink. Each glass contains a day's supply of Vitamin C plus calcium, so necessary for strong teeth, nails and bones. Of more interest to the grown-ups than to the child, a glass of Cal Fresh rates only 25 calories. A tin containing enough for 20 glasses costs 4s. 9d.

For the sensitive

Quite a few people have skins which are sensitive to the colour, perfume or other intrinsically good ingredient to be found in soap, cream and powder. For these there is made a very special trio—Simple Soap, Simple Hand Cream, Simple Dusting Powder. Until recently these have only been obtainable on prescription or from the dermatological departments of hospitals. Now they can be bought from most branches of Boots Chemists, price 1s. 4d., 3s. 3d. and 3s. 3d. respectively.

"Brush Stroke"

We women are seldom satisfied. If we have a compact eye-shadow we want a brush to go with it, preferably in the same container. Dorothy Gray has given us just that. Pull out the base of the compact and there you have your eyeshadow, eye liner or

eyebrow colour. At the same moment out pops the little brush. There's a Brush Stroke for each one, and each is readily identifiable by its colour. They cost 16s. 6d. each, can be had in all the right shades, and will be in the shops on October 1st.

The cream that coaxes the skin to breathe

Harriet Hubbard Ayer has introduced a night cream with a new concept—a cream which not only nourishes the skin but encourages it in one of its most important functions, breathing, stimulating the cells to absorb a maximum of oxygen and eliminate toxins rapidly. *Creme de Nuit Aerante* is suitable for all types of skin and is designed to be used after cleansing and left on the skin overnight. It is rapidly absorbed by the skin so that it is invisible in use. It costs 2 guineas a tube.

Little gems

To wear with the after-five gold and silver jersey weaves and with clumpy gold and silver jewellery are Gala's Gold Standard and Silver Standard Nail Colour. In the Little Gem series they cost 3s. 9d. each.

Beauty Book

This Beauty Book is as easy to read as it is sound in its approach and it is by Jean Cleland, a noted beauty writer and at one time beauty editor of the *Tatler*. Among the 35 chapters there are such interesting subjects as dress sense, beauty as a career, salon and home treatments. Published by Paul Hamlyn, it costs 2s. 6d.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / The popular pâté

During the years I have written in these notes of pâtés, terrines and pies they have become much more popular both in the home and in restaurants. What probably speeded up the home-made ones was the advent of the electric blender. Before this, I used to pass the meats through a mincing machine three times to get a smooth enough mixture.

One of the best of all pâtés to make at home is DANISH LIVER PATE, the recipe which I first published as long ago as 1935. I got it in Denmark from a very gifted woman chef in a country hotel at which we stayed. I have included garlic in the pâté though there was none in the original recipe, as the Danes generally do not like garlic.

First make a white sauce this way: melt 4 oz. of butter and gently simmer 3 oz. of plain flour in it to the white foam stage. Remove from the heat and stir in two-thirds of a pint of milk, including its cream. Return to the heat, bring to the boil and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Remove, cover and leave to become cold.

Cut 1 lb. of pig's liver into strips and remove the tissues. Cover the liver with water containing a dessertspoon of wine vinegar and leave for an hour or so. Drain, rinse and cut into smallish pieces. Also cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pork fat into strips and then smallish pieces. Add them to the liver, together with a chopped small onion, a chopped peeled and cored apple, 6 drained anchovy fillets (in oil), 2 level teaspoons of salt, up to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of freshly milled pepper and a large clove or 2 small ones of garlic.

At this point, if you have an electric blender, mix the sauce and 2 to 3 raw eggs with the meat mixture and pulp the lot in the blender, adding it in 3 to 4 portions because the blender tends to rebel if too much thick material is put into it at a time. Failing a blender, put the liver, fat, onion, apple, anchovy fillets, garlic and seasoning three times through the mincing machine, then blend them with the sauce and beaten eggs.

If you can bear to taste this mixture, so much the better, because you can ascertain whether or not more salt is required. You can add spices, too, if you like. Ginger and

nutmeg are favourites. I like to add, too, a small measure of vermouth or medium dry sherry.

Oil 2 to 3 loaf tins or terrines and turn the mixture into them. Lightly tap the containers to get rid of any air pockets. Place two halves of a bay leaf on top of each and cover with foil. Stand in a baking tin with water reaching about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up and bake for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours at 275 to 330 degrees Fahr. or gas Mark 1 to 2. Remove and leave to cool. Place a weighted piece of wood, cut to fit, on top of each container and leave overnight. Remove the foil and bay leaves and serve.

Or coat the pâtés with aspic as follows: place each container in hot water for a moment and unmould the pâtés on to a wire rack. Make aspic from aspic powder, following the directions given with it, and darken it with a little caramel (liquid gravy browning). When cold and syrupy spoon this gently over the surfaces, letting it trickle down the sides. The aspic, in each case, should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Place the pâtés in the refrigerator to set each coat before adding the next.

Finally, chill a little and cut into slices, first dipping the knife in hot water (and drying it) so that it will cut clean.

"Roughish" pâtés are becoming firm favourites and the recipe for this one was given to me by a gifted French friend on the Riviera. It is served from the terrine and is very tasty.

Have a hare or pheasant skinned and boned. Allow an equal weight in veal and belly pork and half the game weight in pig's liver. Roughly mince the meats and mix them together. Add 2 liquid ounces of dry white wine, 1 of brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mixed spice, a level teaspoon of salt and the juice from a clove of garlic squeezed through a press. Mix well together. Cut 2 oz. of back pork fat into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch strips and then squares and distribute them through the mixture.

Line a terrine with very thin rashers of rindless unsmoked bacon, with the ends overhanging it. Fill the terrine as for the first recipe and draw the ends of the bacon over the top. Cover closely and bake as above. Cover with weighted wood or a plate and, when cold, store in the refrigerator.



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Albert Adair / Swan song

ANTIQUES

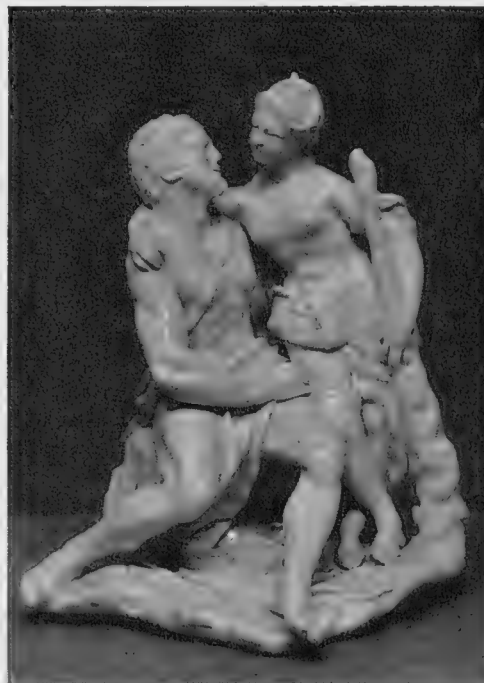
Whereas in my previous article on the Chelsea Set I referred to household wares, I now intend to deal with the decorative pieces that were vastly important products of the Chelsea porcelain factory and illustrate by courtesy of the Antique Porcelain Co. W.1, four extremely fine items representing the four periods, i.e. the Triangle Period 1745-1750; Raised Anchor 1749-53; Red Anchor 1753-60 and the Gold Anchor Period 1758-69.

Pieces for ornament and figures were made during the 18th century to satisfy the taste of the well-to-do who demanded something different, and there is the possibility that figures became prominent following the idea, prevalent in Germany, of using sugar or wax models of figures to decorate the tables at special functions, but, as finesse gradually improved, as far as porcelain modelling was concerned, figures in this medium took the place of the wax ones. As table decoration it was necessary for the modeller to create his piece to be seen from any angle. However, shortly after the middle of the 18th century, when figures were increasingly used as ornaments to place against a wall or in a display cabinet and they were solely to be seen from the front, attention was naturally focused on pieces with this in view.

The Chelsea group (*top right*), *circa* 1745-47, is of Hercules and Omphale. This piece, which is 8½ in. in height, is modelled entirely in white from Laurent Cars' engraving after a painting of 1724 by Charles Lemoyne. The fisherman, 7½ in. in height (*right*), wearing a black hat and

pale coloured shirt and breeches, seems to have been rewarded and has a fish in his right hand while holding the handle of his basket in his left. This Red Anchor piece, *circa* 1755, is an extremely fine example of the period in which figures were especially notable and numerous, being outstandingly modelled but with very little colouring, thereby enabling the full beauty of the porcelain to be seen.

Among the subjects that the Chelsea potters chose to portray were those of mythological origin or the abstracts such as the seasons, or hunting and pastoral life or Italian Comedy figures. The Gold Anchor period was notable for its lavish decoration and the pair of Gardeners (*below left*) are no exception, being seated on white tree trunks richly encrusted with multi-coloured flowers and leaves. The Gardeners, wearing colourful clothes, hold white baskets and on their left stand their implements. Made *circa* 1760 they are 10½ in. in height. The grace of the pair of swans (*below right*) I find irresistible and their being unique prompted me to consider them at the end despite their belonging chronologically to an earlier period in the Chelsea story. Of *circa* 1750 the swans carry the Raised White Anchor mark and, 5½ in. in height, are seen standing on flat bases with most naturalistic feather markings. The female has two cygnets with her while the male, full of magnificent dignity and modelled with beautiful undulations to the neck, has every muscle tensed for his *cri de coeur*—a perfect expression of the swan song.



MAN'S WORLD

A nostalgic air is creeping into men's clothes. There is a distinct look of the '30s about many of the styles being created by designers and manufacturers.

The feeling is very evident in the so-called "romantic" styles of French couturier Pierre Cardin. His tight-bodied, full-skirted, hose-pipe sleeved jackets have the authentic '30s look. So have his top-coats; though their length and extraordinarily long centre vents, particularly when teamed with his square, deep-crowned curly brimmed hats, give them a dash of Pickwick.

Pure '30s, also, are Cardin's ties, with the Paisleys and foulards of the era predominating and the width an uncompromising four and a half inches. Equally decisive are major English tie makers Michelsons, whose latest offerings are just as wide, made in handblock printed silk and woven heavy brocaded silk, and are being sold by Harrods, Simpsons and Austin Reed.

Another clue is the hop back into prominence of the double-breasted suit. At the year's big menswear trade exhibition in Cologne a few weeks ago about a third of the suits shown were double-breasted.

We seem to be trailing at the moment but, if and when we do catch on, it is likely that the version we shall go for will owe less to the old d.b. than that which the Germans, Belgians and Dutch favour. The new look double-breasted style is well in keeping with the demands of the slim, tall silhouette currently in favour. It has six buttons, three to fasten, all placed above the waistline. The two rows of buttons are very close, say three to five inches apart, and the lapels are slim and slightly peaked, hinting more at the single-breasted lapel than the old double-breasted style.

These features, coupled with the suppressed waist and flared skirt with very long side vents, placed farther forward than is customary, move the style well away from the sloppy old d.b. It is essentially a young man's style, but there are signs that the ready-to-wear clothing makers are out to produce double-breasted styles to appeal to older (and bigger) men. These will have fewer buttons, lower placed. But the slimness of the lapels, the length of the vents and the

narrowness of the trousers (without turn-ups) are all essential ingredients that will be retained.

Though many will shudder at the thought of the return of the d.b., this revival is so attractive that I really feel it has a chance of a real comeback. If it does return, however, it is likely to be comparatively short-lived, for the trend is eternally and irresistibly towards the casual; and the d.b., whatever mutations it undergoes, will always remain formal.

The movement towards the casual is visible in the latest single-breasted suit styles, which owe a lot to the hacking jacket. The suppressed waist and longer skirt with deep twin vents is due for a big return. And welcome. Few styles could be more English than this and, after the pressures we have been subjected to in recent years by America, Italy, Sweden and France, it is good to know that one can be in fashion without being patriotically schizophrenic.

Another pleasing thing about current trends is the return to favour of the sports jacket. This, again, is contrary to the overall pattern but is probably the dying kick of the sports jacket before it becomes absorbed completely into the business suit. The newest sports jackets are much softer in make than before, with minimal padding and an endearing ability to be rolled into a ball with no ill effects.

Meanwhile dinner clothes are getting the businesslike look, becoming more like the day suit. The lapel facings creep sadly away, either receding gently from the edges or appearing as black braiding; mourning for more splendid days.

The materials in which dinner suits are being offered have jumped a square and are more like the casual suit cloths of a couple of years ago. Weights are right down (as low as nine ounces) and patterned cloths are in. Nothing bold or aggressive.

This move to lighter weights—very welcome to anyone who has endured the Gay Gordons in 17-ounce black barathea—is visible across the whole field of men's clothing. Undoubtedly it has been sparked off by the man-made fibre boffins but the wool men have come up with versions of their own to keep the scientists on their toes.]



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CLAY PERRY

The word rationalization is not a pretty one, but the practice it stands for has been the salvation of some good old names in Britain's motor industry. Singer and Sunbeam are two that would have followed a host of others into oblivion had not the Rootes brothers the acumen to rescue them from the scrapheap on to which the exigencies of modern economic production might have consigned them.

Certainly they had to forgo some of their individuality in the process, but today they are known and respected and, even if they are built from components common to others in the Rootes Group, by ingenious styling, finishing and equipping they keep a hold on enthusiastic enclaves of motorists who would not think of changing their allegiance.

Next year all of them (Singer, Vogue and Gazelle; Sunbeam Rapier and Alpine) will share the latest engine that Rootes' engineers have developed. After trying it out in a Hillman Minx, I can honestly say it is a big improvement.

In the first place, it has a five-bearing crankshaft, and

though this may seem just one of those technical items buried down in the innards and never seen by the majority of owners, let me say that it really does mean a big something where smooth and vibrationless running is concerned. It does, in fact, mean a lot more now than a few years ago, for higher working pressures and increased efficiency have become the order of the day.

Every buyer of a new car wants to feel that he has the latest thing in mechanism and, to ensure that he gets it, the engineering staffs of every manufacturer have to keep up with one another where power output from a given size of engine is a potent sales lever.

We, the car buyers, may pooh-pooh the idea that we want to drive lickety-spit here, there and everywhere, but the fact remains that if our new model has to take second place away from traffic lights to another of the same price and the same size engine, we are going to be dissatisfied and go for something else next time.

But stepped-up power output is not achieved without some drawbacks, one of which

is that the crankshaft comes in for a harder pounding, and unless it is very firmly held in its straight and narrow path it will try to buck about and, in so doing, communicate roughness to the engine's whole running. Hence, in designing their new 1,725 c.c. engine and allowing for a power output exceeding 90 b.h.p. on some of the models in which it was to be fitted, the Rootes' engineers wisely gave it a five-bearing crankshaft.

I subjected it to a really hard beating in a Super Minx. All out on the motorway it kept up a steady 85 m.p.h., and in traffic would accelerate on top gear with no sign of a thump. To make full use of this new performance capability, overdrive is now, for the first time, available as an optional extra; it gives a car that delightful "long-legged" feeling of striding over the miles without fuss.

Apart from overdrive, the higher ratio back axle contributes to this ability to cruise fast without any sensation of hard-working machinery. Yet there is nothing of what might be termed a novel character about the new 1,725 engine: it

follows proved and accepted practice and is "over square" in that the bore of the cylinders is greater than the pistons' stroke is long: this makes for a slower-moving piston which in turn makes for less wear on the cylinders, and so prolongs the time during which maximum efficiency can be retained without reboring.

Various other modifications have taken place in Rootes Group products for 1966, but basically the Minx models are similar to those with Singer and Sunbeam nameplates—and the Humber Sceptre into the bargain. All of them share this new engine and the four-speed gearbox which now has synchromesh to all its gears, or automatic transmission can be had at a very reasonable extra charge. Prices have been raised by comparatively small amounts through the Rootes' range of models; since the list is a long one I do not propose to quote them all here. Just one final note: the fitting of an alternator instead of the usual dynamo on the higher-powered version of the new engine is symptomatic of Rootes' forward thinking.

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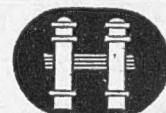
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38/- 1/2 cwt. Dried Meat in Hound, Terrier
and Puppy sizes, 110/- per cwt; 55/- 1/2 cwt.
Meat Cubes, 85/- per cwt; 45/- 1/2 cwt. Luda
Puppy Milk, 14 lb. 25/-; 28 lb. 45/-. All
carriage paid. Cash with order please,
credit by arrangement. LUDA MEAT-
IES, LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

**The
absolute
end**

of memorable
meals
CHARTREUSE



'Um casal raro'

(A RARE COUPLE)

MATEUS ROSÉ & CASAL GARCIA

Chelsea Pair of Candelabra, circa. 1755
by Antique Porcelain Co. Ltd.
London and New York.

Photograph by Percy Hennell

